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## THE ASPECT OF EUROPE.

NO special information is needed to assure us that the speech of the King of SARDINIA was revised at Paris. Nowhere but in the country of TALLEYRAND do people represent themselves as "awaiting with firmness the decrees of Providence," when they are actively preparing to make an unprovoked attack upon their neighbours. We know too well that, when modern manifestoes talk of Providence, we are to expect some great stroke of violence or fraud. Prince NAPOLEON is also awaiting the decrees of Providence, which ordain that he shall marry a Sardinian Princess as a pledge, at this crisis, of the moderate and pacific intentions of France. We seem to be returning to the oldest days of European diplomacy, when every conspiracy was cemented with a marriage. The fluctuations of the funds mark the gloomy effect of the recent signs of coming confusion, not only on the minds of stockjobbers, but on that of Europe. To go to war has fortunately become a much harder thing than it was. Even in the most despotic countries, Kings are somewhat controlled in their "game" by the influence of a more advanced and sensitive civilization. Yet it is difficult to see what issue the present complication can have but that of war. Were France and Austria alone parties to the quarrel, we should think that diplomacy might still have many chances before a French army crossed the Alps. But the French vanguard, in the shape of the army of Sardinia, is already in presence of the enemy, and Sardinian ambition seems bent upon the struggle. Active preparations are being made to get the Toulon fleet ready for sea, either to hold England in check, or to take in the rear, by way of the Adriatic, the strong Austrian positions about Peschiera, Mantua, and Verona—positions against which the French army, more remarkable for dash than patience, might otherwise exhaust its energies in vain. We are informed that the numbers of the French regiments are not up to the war complement. The Austrian army is stated on all hands to be admirably prepared for war.

The King of SARDINIA might well appeal, on any other occasion, to the sympathies which his country excites. The sympathy of England, at least, she has had, and has, in unstinted measure. Rising, as it were, from the grave of European freedom to prove the undying energy of the constitutional principle, how could she fail to be an object of enthusiastic interest to all to whom that principle is dear? Any attack upon the liberties of Sardinia would have been resented by the Englishmen as an attack upon their own; nor is it so long since Sardinian statesmen acknowledged their moral alliance with a great constitutional country by assiduously cultivating the English connexion. But the case is totally changed when Sardinia abandons the task of internal development to make herself the instrument and accomplice of a great military despotism in the path of conquest, and threatens to involve the European community in the worst of calamities—not in self-defence, but from ambition. The interest which she has inspired, and the applause she has received, seem to have a little turned her head. Nothing can be more chimerical than the dream of a united Italy under the supremacy of Sardinia. Whatever might happen in the first burst of Italian enthusiasm, those provincial, or rather municipal, rivalries which not only coloured the whole history of Mediæval Italy, but formed its greatness, would speedily revive and render a common Government impossible. Even Naples and Sicily, so long united in their fortunes, are only held together by sheer force, and the last gleam of liberty which they enjoyed was disgraced by an attempt of the former to reduce the latter under its fraternal yoke. The example of Sardinia is full of hope for every State of Italy, but she would only wreck everything—including probably her own immature and precarious Constitution—by grasping at

the supremacy of the whole. The Piedmontese are little more akin to the Florentines or the Romans than the Macedonians were to the Athenians or Spartans; and it is impossible to imagine Florence or Rome governed from Turin. If the monarchical party in Sardinia think to repress dangerous democratic movements at home by a popular foreign war, they will do wisely first to balance the passions they are likely to excite against those they are likely to allay. Financial difficulties, the pressure of which probably also begins to be felt by the Exchequer of Turin, are not likely to be alleviated by a war which could hardly be made to support itself.

The feelings of England are not in favour of Austria in Italy. The weakness, indeed, of that Power would not, as the *Presse* seems to expect, alienate her from our sympathies, were not that weakness the consequence of injustice. The foreign policy of England, in the hands of any respectable Minister, has at least raised itself above the habit of deliberately trampling on the weak. But as to the alien tyranny with which Austria oppresses and degrades Northern Italy, and the still worse tyranny of ecclesiastics which she has conspired to maintain at Rome, there has been and is but one feeling among any but the contemptible Ultramontane faction in this country. Nor would liberal England hesitate to join the European conclave in demanding a mitigation of these iniquities. She has already shown the spirit by which she is actuated in the case of Naples, where she would have interceded with more effect had it suited the views of the French Government to pursue a more frank and disinterested course. The possession of Lombardy and Venice by Austria was unfortunately sanctioned by a Congress of reactionary despots—owing its power to the excesses of the French Revolution—to the decisions of which England, like France, was unfortunately a consenting party; but the England of the present day is not the England of LIVERPOOL and CASTLEREAGH. That which repels the sympathies of England on this occasion from the self-styled cause of liberation is her aversion, as a member of the European Confederacy, to a principle of burglarious aggression by which all the laws of that confederacy would be dissolved. The demerits of Austria are great and notorious, but it does not follow that she is out of the pale of international law. A man is justly unpopular—has broken the rules of honour—has committed a crime. In the first case, you blackball him at your club; in the second case, you cut him; in the third, you bring him to trial. In none of the three are you justified in entering his house and knocking him on the head—more especially if you are yourself to be, or imagine that you will be, a gainer by the transaction. Very few people wished, in 1854, to prolong the domination of the Turks over the Greek Christians. We went into the Russian war to assert the principle of international law against lawless aggression, and the same principle is imperilled now.

The satire of JUVENAL and SWIFT is flattering to human nature compared with the suggestion that the conduct of the French Government, in spreading alarm through Europe, has been influenced by the stock-jobbing interests of certain of the EMERSON'S advisers. But this suggestion will scarcely find credit anywhere, save among the irritated denizens of the Bourse. It is, however, unhappily true that war, with its vicissitudes and its fluctuating intelligence, offers strong temptations to Ministers who would have the command of Government information, and who would not hesitate to use it for stock-jobbing purposes. We need hardly say that an English Minister convicted of practices of a kind of which the men who rule the destinies of France, and all that depends on her, are unblushingly guilty, would be driven by public reprobation, not only from office, but from the pale of social honour. It is difficult to say to

what the spirit of the French nation, worn out by revolutions, will not submit; but if a spark of honour remains, no violence can redeem such meanness from contempt. LOUIS PHILIPPE's Government fell not by tyranny; for, had it been more tyrannical, it would probably have been more popular. It fell by dishonesty—by the Spanish marriages, by the TESTE affair, by the discovery that a Minister's Secretary used his official knowledge for swindling purposes, by the general practice of despicable corruption. LOUIS NAPOLEON may derive a wholesome lesson from the example. The world, in the golden days of royalty, endured rulers who went to war to avenge an epigram; but it is not likely in these days to endure rulers who go to war because they have speculated for a fall.

#### BRUMMAGEM LOGIC.

MR. BRIGHT brings out his projects of revolution in such rapid succession, and each differs so widely from its predecessor, that the several plans are superseded almost as soon as they are published. We suppose that we are bound to accept this variety of design rather as a proof of the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination than of the immaturity of his thought. Consistency is the virtue of ordinary minds, but perpetual originality is the privilege of genius. Mr. BRIGHT has so lofty a contempt for plagiarism that he is careful not even to imitate himself. Indeed, so multifarious are his powers that his opinions are more diversified than his illustrations, and his arguments more changeable than either. One project melts into its opposite with all the imperceptible rapidity of a dissolving view; and, with an admirable economy of logic, the self-same arguments are employed, with equal cogency, to establish incompatible conclusions. In the case of meteors whose brilliancy is thus remarkable, and whose orbits are so eccentric as the speeches of Mr. BRIGHT, it is necessary that our observations should be rapid and decisive. We know that these interesting phenomena, like the comet, are to be with us but for a brief season. Monday next is the calculated period for a new appearance in the latitude of Bradford, in which the heavenly body will no doubt present itself with elements entirely new, so that, if we wish to register the past appearances in our political astronomy, we must hasten to complete our observations.

We return, therefore, before it quite vanishes from the field of view, to the Glasgow oration which is careering away into infinite space in the track of its interminable hyperbola. At Glasgow, Mr. BRIGHT was all for a simple rating franchise. He even condescends to tell us why he fixed upon this particular plan; and the reasons of so profound a thinker and so considerate a politician are always worthy of attention, even though they are urged on behalf of projects which are not destined to very permanent favour on the part of their author himself. "One reason," says our Glasgow Reformer, "why I propose this franchise is this:—Unfortunately, in this country—I mean in Great Britain and Ireland—there is a very large class constantly requiring assistance from their fellow-men. There requires to be levied all through the kingdom a rate that does not amount to less than the enormous sum of seven millions sterling, chiefly devoted, and in fact raised for the express purpose, of giving relief to the indigent poor. Now, I think that one of your artisans, let him be what he may—in his particular walk of life, who works hard from morning to night, six days in the week, finds heavy demands at home in his own family; he is called upon to perform all the duties of citizenship, and to contribute from his own earnings to some feeble, some sick, it may be some dissolute and profligate man who is not able to support himself. I think that any man who is thus called upon to pay taxes from his weekly and annual earnings for such a purpose has some claim to be considered a citizen and to be admitted to the rights of citizenship." A captious critic might be disposed to object to this reasoning that it does not go quite far enough, and that, if it be good for a rating franchise, it is good for a great deal more. The argument, perhaps, is somewhat more sentimental than conclusive. Probably "one of your artisans who works hard from morning till night six days in the week, and finds heavy demands at home in his own family," contributes his poor-rate "to the support of some dissolute and profligate man who cannot support himself," rather because his goods will be distrained if he refuses than for any other more exalted reason. In this respect the poor-rate is, except for the halo which Mr. BRIGHT's rhetoric casts around it, just like any other tax.

We wonder that a gentleman of his acuteness did not perceive that other imposts might have been appealed to with still greater effect. After all, the poor-rate is a tax only for a local and limited object. That a man contributes to the support of the poor of his own parish may be a very good reason for allowing him to vote for a churchwarden or a guardian; but his necessary fitness to select a member of Parliament is not so obvious. Why did not Mr. BRIGHT prefer some tax whose proceeds are poured into the Imperial exchequer?

We would venture to suggest an amended form of his argument. He might have said—"Unfortunately, in this country—I mean in Great Britain and Ireland—there is a very large national debt and a great expenditure for public purposes, both for the administration of the civil departments and the defence of the country. To defray a portion of the sum, there requires to be levied all through the kingdom an enormous sum, that does not amount to less than five millions on tobacco and as many more on malt and hops, chiefly devoted, and in fact raised, for the express purpose of carrying on the affairs of the country. I think that every man who is called upon to pay taxes from his weekly and annual earnings for such purposes has some claim to be considered a citizen, and to be admitted to the rights of citizenship." We challenge any one to point out in what respect the argument we have suggested is less conclusive than that which Mr. BRIGHT tells us led him to propose the rating franchise. We maintain, indeed, that a tobacco and beer franchise stands upon superior grounds. The payer of the poor-rates contributes only to a local object—the smoker and the beer-drinker sustain the fortunes of the Empire. If it is said that the support of the poor is a more worthy and less selfish object than the consumption of tobacco and beer, the question becomes one of the *animus* of the ratepayer. Were Mr. BRIGHT willing to confine his suffrage to ratepayers who contribute voluntarily to the poor-rates, we do not think he would find much objection to his reform on the part of the most obstructive Tory. But if he should neither desire nor indeed find it very practicable to carry such a distinction into operation, we must persist in affirming that we are unable to see any superiority in the claims of the individuals who pay against their will some seven millions to their several Unions in the poor-rate, over the claims of those who, probably without their knowledge, contribute a good many millions more to the service of their country in respect of their pipes and beer. We contend that, of the two, the franchise which we propose is more reconcilable to the general interests of the Empire. It is more liberal, because it would admit within the pale of the Constitution far larger numbers than those whom Mr. BRIGHT proposes to enfranchise. And it would have the additional advantage that you might adopt the system of plurality of votes, and give to such a man a share of political power exactly proportionate to the number of pipes which he smoked and the pots which he imbibed. The capital fault of all Mr. BRIGHT's reasonings is that his conclusions fall lamentably short of the premises on which they are based. Why does he stop short at a rating franchise when his argument establishes—if it establishes anything at all—the right of universal suffrage? The fact that he shrinks from the legitimate results of his argument shows that, even in his own judgment, the argument itself is worthless.

But, happily for us, it is not our business to make good the defects of Mr. BRIGHT's logic. That is an occupation reserved for those who, like SISYPHUS, are condemned to roll up the eternally falling stone, or who, with the Danaides, are doomed to fill the leaking sieve. The ancient mythology has not conceived so ingenious a torment or so inexhaustible a sentence—

*Damnatis poenam pro penis omnibus unam.*

For our part we are content to take our demagogue as we find him, and to make the best—or the worst, as it may happen—of our bargain. Everybody who is rated to the poor is to vote, because he contributes to the support of the indigent. So says Mr. BRIGHT. But will the projector abide by his project? Having learnt wisdom by our former experience of the gentleman with whom we have to deal, we very much doubt it. If persons are to vote because they contribute to the support of the poor, it should seem to follow that those who do not contribute to the support of the poor are not to vote. Will Mr. BRIGHT stand by this test? As his friends the Yankees would say, We "guess" not. We have supplied him with a little information on the subject of plurality of votes of which he



appeared wonderfully in need. But has he ever heard of the "Small Tenements Act?" His education in the Statutes of the Realm seems to have been as much neglected as in other departments of English history and English affairs. Does he know that, of the occupiers of rateable property, a very small numerical proportion pay the rates to which that property is subject? The administrators of the poor-rate are very glad to compound with their debtors by accepting, instead of a precarious 100 per cent. from the occupier, a safe 75 per cent. from the owner. Will Mr. BRIGHT consent that none of those who, under the operation of this enactment, are exempt from contributing to the support of the poor, shall exercise the franchise which he claims for them in right of their disinterested charity? It is true that this project of democratic Reform would at once disfranchise one-fourth of the constituency of Manchester, and probably of most of the other large towns. But then, we are told, all these places are to a man in favour of Mr. BRIGHT. If they choose to perish by his hand it is not our business to interfere between them and the pleasures of suicide. If he will not stand by the principle of his own proposal—if he tries to wriggle out of this scheme too, as out of all the rest, and maintains that those who have been permitted to transfer to their landlords the burdens of their rate are still to enjoy the electoral suffrage—what becomes of the high-flown sentimental rhetoric about the "artisan" who works hard from morning to night six days in the week, "and contributes out of his weekly and annual earnings to the support of some dissolute and profligate man?" The principal argument is in itself sufficiently ridiculous. It would be about as sensible to propose that every subscriber to St. George's Hospital should have a vote for the county of Middlesex. But when it comes to proposing that the charitable individual who leaves somebody else to pay his subscription should be invested with the franchise which is due to his virtues, the affair assumes a form of colossal stupidity to which no genius less sublime than that of Mr. BRIGHT could ever have aspired.

But there is another consequence of this argument of Mr. BRIGHT's which is deserving of attention. Men are to vote because they pay the poor-rate. Then, as we have pointed out above, none ought to vote who do not pay the poor-rate. But that is not all. If there is any restriction or limitation upon the voting in respect of the administration of the funds to which a man immediately contributes, one would suppose that the same restrictions and the same limitations should apply to the larger field to which he is more distantly related, and into which he is less directly introduced. If it is necessary to impose some checks upon the rate-payers' authority over the poor-rate, Mr. BRIGHT will find it difficult to explain why their disposal of the national funds is to be absolute and unlimited. But he admits the justice and necessity of the system which has established plurality of votes as the law of local government. He says that, without this, there would be danger of inequality of taxation. We entirely agree with him. But the precautions which he admits to be indispensable in the case of men dealing with local funds in which they are personally interested, and with concerns with which they are individually conversant, can never be unnecessary when it is a question of affairs to which their relation is more remote, and of which their knowledge is infinitely more imperfect. If he chooses to take the rating franchise, let him take it with its necessary and legitimate consequences. Let him not be guilty of an absurdity which exceeds even the habitual inconsequence of demagogues, in seeking to take advantage of his premisses, while he endeavours to shirk the conclusion. If men are to vote for the Imperial Legislature because they pay to the support of the poor, let those vote, and those alone, who would be entitled to vote for the Board of Guardians. For the argument is one *à fortiori*. And further, let them vote under the same restrictions, and on the same principles, in the one case as in the other. Mr. BRIGHT is a bold and not a very scrupulous man, but with all his daring and all his recklessness he will find it difficult to persuade those who have anything to lose that the administration of the Empire stands in need of less protection than that of the Parish.

#### THE EASTERN QUESTION REVIVED.

THE Eastern Question, or Asiatic Mystery, has recently been revived, to the gratification of all speculative diplomatists. The partial solution, or temporary closing, of the

controversy was attained three years ago, at considerable cost; and it will not be with the consent of England that the discussion is unnecessarily reopened. In plain language, the Eastern Question means the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, or the partition of its dominions among the Great Powers of Europe; and, although much may be said in favour of war and revolution, the policy of England has at least the merit of being simple, straightforward, and consistent. A long succession of statesmen—among whom Lord DE REDCLIFFE has been, perhaps, the most conspicuous—have seen that the Dardanelles can only fall into the hands of Russia if Constantinople is wrested from a less formidable Power; and accordingly, it has been thought expedient to maintain, to strengthen, and to civilize the Government which, with all its faults, is actually found in existence. Whether a Greek Kingdom or a Slavonic Empire would be preferable to the Ottoman Monarchy is an idle inquiry as long as the SULTAN'S Crown is disputed by no definite and competent rival. The preservation of the present system may not coincide with ideal political perfection, but it is immediately connected with the maintenance of peace, with the equilibrium of the Great Powers, and with the principles of international law. English diplomacy—contemplating the good government of the Ottoman Empire as the most obvious means to the exclusion of foreign interference—enjoys the comparative advantage of sincerity and consistency. A more subtle and ambitious policy finds its account in fostering jealousy and discontent; and consequently, French and Russian sympathizers scarcely affect to desire the immediate tranquillity and prosperity of Turkey. The politicians who keep the Eastern Question alive may boast of their religious zeal, their Philhellenic sympathies, or their far-sighted ambition, but they must leave to England the credit of selecting a course of action not incompatible with the ordinary rules of honesty and good neighbourhood.

According to a rumour, which ought perhaps rather to be described as a probable conjecture, the singular manifestations which have recently threatened the peace of Europe are collaterally directed against the integrity of Turkey. The Austrian Minister, who had fairly earned the hostility of Russia, seems to have incurred by his perseverance in the French system of 1854 the dislike of the Court which, after forcing on the Peace of Paris, has since been incessantly employed in making its provisions ineffectual. The patronizing compliment to the Emperor of AUSTRIA's person at the expense of his policy, which greeted Baron HÜNER on New Year's day, coincided with a renewal of the Russian intrigues for the dismissal of Count BUOL; and Continental newsmongers infer that the dissensions among the despotic Powers may eventually be patched up at the expense of Turkey. Italian patriots must console themselves as well as they can, if they find that Roman reform and Lombard independence end with the division of the Principalities between Austria and Russia, and the establishment of a French Protectorate in Egypt and Candia. The only definite result of recent diplomatic activity is to be found in the miniature revolution of Belgrade. The Assembly which was recently elected has deposed the son of KARA GEORGE, in favour of the octogenarian Russian satellite MILOSH; and although the Government of Constantinople has no serious interest in the dispute, one of the objects of the change was undoubtedly attained in the implied rebellion against the authority of the Porte. The principal purpose, however, of the diplomatic projectors of the revolution probably consisted in the warning and annoyance to Austria, who has already been compelled to concentrate troops on the banks of the Save. The courtiers of Vienna will not fail to remind their sovereign that a good understanding with Russia, and consequently with France, would not only secure the tranquillity of the frontiers, but open a prospect of indefinite territorial aggrandizement. As for the liberties of the Christian subjects and feudatories of Turkey, it would be idle to expect that great diplomatists should regard them except as counters in the important game of trickery and spoliation in which they attempt, with more or less ingenuity, to plunder or disturb their neighbours. In this particular instance it is not impossible that the Servians may entertain designs of their own, while they adapt their proceedings to the convenience of their powerful patrons. No other South Slavonic race has exhibited so conspicuously the pliant pertinacity which belongs to the instinctive love of independence. On more than one occasion the leaders of the people have contrived to baffle the policy of Russia without falling under the

alternative protection of Austria; and in choosing as a Prince a discreditable adventurer of eighty, whose heirs they had previously ostracised, the Servians apparently intend to secure to themselves the opportunity of a more deliberate choice on a future occasion. If the nation amounted to nine millions instead of as many hundred thousands, the Eastern difficulty would have already approximated to a solution more distasteful to Russia than to the Porte itself. A minor State must make up by adroitness for its deficiency in strength; and consequently Servia allows itself occasionally to be moved by the strings which are capriciously jerked at Paris and steadily pulled at St. Petersburg.

It is a matter of course that new difficulties have simultaneously arisen in the Danubian Principalities. The great Imperial authorities on constitutional law are as susceptible as election committees to the minutest irregularity of voting in Moldavia and Wallachia, and the provincial assemblies will accordingly find that the validity of their mandate depends on their conduct, and especially on their opposition to the Porte. The franchises which are habitually vituperated as they exist in England, while they are too liberal for the meridian of France, will furnish sufficient excuses for interference with Turkey, and for indirect demonstrations against Austria and England. From Turin to Constantinople, the mischievous combinations of sham diplomacy are shifting with an activity which is, in indeterminate proportions, partly real and partly ostensible; nor is it possible to foretell whether the feint or the true attack is to be looked for in the East or in the West—whether the POPE or the SULTAN is to illustrate the anomalies of French orthodoxy or of French cosmopolitan liberalism. Perhaps the whole is a fraud, or more probably, it is a blind appeal to the future and to fortune. The disposition to alarm the world is not necessarily identical with a reckless love of anarchy, but it is scarcely less pernicious in its effects. The amateur politicians who carry on the diplomatic gossip of Europe would be the idlest and most insignificant of chatterers if their theories and projects were not occasionally adopted by the reckless masters of mankind. No satire on despotism has ever been more severe than the general discussion of a probable war, while the boldest speculators are still unable to declare what the war is to be about.

It may be hoped that an appeal to recent engagements may render a direct attack on the integrity of Turkey impossible; but the Government deserves censure for one gratuitous contribution to the general disturbance and alarm. The authors of Mr. GLADSTONE's unnecessary mission are responsible not only for the direct results of their own instructions, but for all that their distinguished agent has said and done, and for the still stranger words and acts which have been attributed to him or suggested by his presence. Although the publication of Sir JOHN YOUNG's despatch was an unforeseen accident, the existence of some similar project was perfectly well known in Corfu, where it had already served the local agitators as a grievance and an encouragement. The announcement that an English statesman of the first rank had been simply commissioned to tinker the Constitution and the administrative system of the Ionian Islands was so incredible that it might as well not have been literally true. The domestic motive for the appointment, as a ratification of a political alliance, was less familiar to the ingenious Greeks than their own aspirations and intrigues, and though the explanation of the overture might be sufficient, it was still necessary to account for the acceptance of the office. It was natural that the Government should be eager to secure a powerful ally, but not that an adherent who might always command his own terms should be ready to accept an anomalous mission. The Ionian malcontents reckoned, therefore, on Mr. GLADSTONE's sympathy with their agitation, and his speech to the Zantiote priests proves that their calculations were not mistaken. An English functionary who gratuitously reminds the Greeks of the islands that their compatriots are subject to Turkish domination, at the same time countenances the demand which he professes to reject, and supplies an additional provocation to civil war on the mainland. When a democratic orator dilates at New Orleans on the unhappy condition of Cuba, the respect of the speaker and of his audience for international law may be readily understood. Mr. GLADSTONE may have probably intended at Zante to convey an opposite impression, but his Greek admirers will accept his language when it suits their purpose in its obvious and literal meaning. When these transactions come under the consideration of Parliament, it must be remembered that

Sir EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON and his colleagues are exclusively responsible for all the inconvenience which may have arisen. Mr. GLADSTONE's high position, although it naturally makes him the subject of public criticism, in no degree interferes with the immunity belonging to all the functionaries who carry out the orders of the Executive Government. It will be for Lord DERBY and Lord MALMESBURY to defend their wanton encouragement of a Greek agitation at a time when half the potentates of Europe are looking to Turkey for an opportunity of disturbing the peace of the world.

#### ARMY REFORMS.

IT is now nearly a year since the report of the Commission on the sanitary state of the army revealed the startling fact that the British soldier, even when quietly housed in home quarters, lives on the average about one-half of the period commonly allotted to man. It cannot yet be forgotten that the Commissioners not only disclosed the mischief, but ascertained its causes. They inquired into the ordinary conditions of barrack life; they investigated the regulations of the Army Medical Service; they entered into the details of hospital management, and thoroughly searched out every abuse by which the soldier's health was so recklessly undermined. They looked into everything, and found all very bad. The comparatively easy duty of the Guards was discovered to be aggravated by faulty arrangements into an effective source of pulmonary disease. Almost without exception, the rooms in which the soldiers lived and slept were found to be more crowded, ill-ventilated, and foul than a common lodging-house. The Medical Service was without influence, the commonest precautions against disease were unknown, and the hospital system was apparently devised for the express purpose of multiplying forms, dividing responsibility, and impeding the efforts of any medical officer who might happen to be alive to the importance of his duties.

These were not conjectures or exaggerations, but simply facts. Their accuracy was canvassed by thousands eager to find the Commissioners at fault, and the result was merely to prove that the Report presented an honest picture of the actual condition of the army. A feeble attempt on the part of the officers of the Household Troops to question the statistics of the Commissioners ended by giving them the most ample confirmation. The truth was accepted with more or less reluctance, but with something akin to penitence, by all the authorities. The Commander-in-Chief and two successive War Ministers acknowledged the services of the Commission and the duty which lay upon themselves to seek an immediate remedy for evils which disgraced the military administration of the country. It is time to ask what fruits this tardy repentance has borne. If the old rate of mortality has continued, some hundreds of valuable lives must have been sacrificed during the last twelvemonth beyond the fair quota which the army owed to death. The reforms which were indicated by the Commission, and promised both by Lord PANMURE and General PEEL, were, in the most literal sense, matters of life and death; and though it may be impossible to re-model a faulty system and re-house a whole army without some delay, we have at least a right to look for the utmost alacrity and expedition of which the case admits. General PEEL, indeed, is deprived even of the hackneyed excuse of practical obstacles and technical difficulties in the reconstruction of the army organization. He has been relieved from the duty, which properly belonged to the Administration, of putting the general recommendations of the Commissioners into a working shape. It will be remembered that Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT volunteered to perform this task with the aid of a number of sub-committees, and that General PEEL discreetly accepted this assistance in his executive functions.

An able article which has recently appeared in the *Westminster Review* sums up the progress which has as yet been made. The sub-committees seem to have exhibited an amount of diligence which has taken the officials of the War Office by surprise. Perhaps sufficient weight was not attributed to the fact that their chairman was thoroughly in earnest, and had no intention of suffering the evils he had exposed to remain unredressed a day longer than was necessary. But whatever may be the reason, the reports which the Committees have furnished to the War Office ready for immediate adoption have, with a few exceptions, remained as yet without any express sanction or promulgation. The arduous task of acquiescence, which was all that the Minister reserved to himself when he accepted Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT's offer to do the actual work,



has proved too much for official energies, and the expedition with which his volunteer assistants have completed their part of the task promises to be neutralized by General PEEL's more dignified delay. Fortunately, however, it is impossible for any amount of administrative inertia to resist entirely the influence of zeal and intelligence combined; and though, perhaps, a little Parliamentary pressure may be needed to stimulate the War Office to the required pitch of activity, it is satisfactory to find that some tangible good has already resulted from the labours of the Commissioners. One sub-committee undertook the inspection of the barracks throughout the country, and their suggestions have already been the means of remedying some of the worst evils, and mitigating those which did not admit of immediate removal. Very simple appliances and regulations will do wonders in improving the ventilation and cleanliness even of an ill-constructed barrack, and we believe that the recommendations of the Committee in these respects are being carried into effect by the military authorities. Another important step has been taken in the issue of the royal warrant of October last for the regulation of the rank and pay of the Medical Department of the army. For the first time, the army surgeon is placed on a fair footing of equality with the combatant officers of the service. His pay, it is true, though higher than that of officers of corresponding rank, who seldom enter the Army as a profession by which to live, is still far below the average emoluments of private practice. But if the promise of awarding promotion in the higher grades to merit, in place of seniority, is adhered to, the hope of distinction will probably suffice to make the service attractive to a higher class of candidates than were generally forthcoming during the Russian war. At any rate, the experienced surgeon or inspector will, we presume, henceforth be allowed really to enjoy the privileges of his relative rank, instead of being compelled, as he often was, to yield precedence to the youngest stripling who bore a lieutenant's or cornet's commission. The improvement of the surgeon's status will, however, only react indirectly upon the health of the army. Whatever brings better men into the Medical Service, and gives them more influence when they are there, will certainly tend to improve the condition of the soldiers, whose well-being depends so much on the regard that is paid to sanitary precautions; but everything beyond the mere treatment of sick or wounded patients has been so utterly ignored in our army, that something like a revolution will be necessary to gain for military hygiene the attention it deserves. With this view, one of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT'S Committees has prepared a complete code of regulations for the sanitary treatment of the army, and for the organization of general regimental hospitals. To another Committee was entrusted the preparation of a scheme for converting the so-called Medical School at Chatham into a really effective place of training, where the candidate may acquire a knowledge of those branches of his profession which are too exclusively military to be learned in any civil school of medicine; and this task also has been completed.

It remains with the Government to give effect to these recommendations, and to render the Medical Department of the army competent to ward off all preventible mischief from the soldier while yet in health, instead of waiting to treat him when the time for prevention has passed. The reorganization of the military hospital system is a necessity which the experience of the earlier period of the Crimean campaign has made painfully obvious. It was not so much the rust of a long peace as divided responsibility that made the hospitals of the army little better than charnel houses; and when a remedy was at length applied, it was only by superseding in practice, by every kind of extraneous aid, the faulty machinery which in theory still remained, and indeed remains to this day, unaltered. The cardinal rules which Miss NIGHTINGALE suggested must be the basis of any scheme. The organization must be simple, and the responsibility concentrated; the medical authorities must be supreme in all professional matters, instead of being subject to the capricious parsimony of purveyors or commissaries; and lastly, the time of scientific surgeons should not be wasted upon petty details of management, which would be regulated quite as well by any businesslike man without a particle of professional training. The existing hospital system could not be more accurately described in general terms than by saying that it exactly reverses these maxims. The horrors of Scutari were truly said to be the consequences of the system; but that system still exists, and the War Office seems to be by no means im-

patient to supersede it by the regulations which have been framed upon the basis of the Commissioners' Report. But Parliament will soon be sitting, and we are sanguine enough to believe that the thorough reform of the whole sanitary condition of the army will be secured, in spite of any amount of sluggishness at head quarters. The full extent of the mischief has been revealed by the resolute investigation of the Royal Commissioners. The needful reforms have been organized by the same hands, and only require the stamp of authority to bring them into immediate operation. This can scarcely be long withheld. After having so fairly won the gratitude of the army and of all who are interested in it, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT may, we think, be trusted to push his work to its legitimate conclusion, and not to hold his hand until he has finally extirpated the abuses which he was the first to detect and expose.

#### THE MODERN ULYSSES.

WE have little doubt that there is some truth in the report that Mr. GLADSTONE is to be appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, in place of Sir JOHN YOUNG. If there is any uncertainty on the subject, it probably arises rather from the hesitation of the Government to confer the post than from the want of readiness on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE to receive it. The taking of a house at Corfu indicates, at all events, the intention of a longer stay than we are persuaded was contemplated in the first instance by a statesman whose infirmity does not lie in the direction of a discreet avoidance of Parliamentary debates. Should the appointment take place, it will be the termination or the turning point of a singular political career. It will be the termination if the natural leader of the House of Commons should really settle down into the administration of a third-rate dependency. It will be the turning-point if he should be led to see, from his own reflections and the expressions of public opinion, that after the eccentricities of the last three years, and at the period of life he has reached, this is the last escapade he can afford.

Mr. GLADSTONE is the first orator in England—that is, he is the first orator in the world. His industry and energy are immense; and his political information is equal to his industry and energy. His courage is equal to any undertaking, quails before no opposition, and suffers no abatement in defeat. He is the most brilliant and original, if not altogether the safest, financier of a great commercial country. His reputation for integrity is surpassed by that of no public man. A casuist, he is still no Jesuit. On the contrary, all who act with him or have intercourse with him are struck with the essential simplicity of his character and his thorough singleness of purpose. What prevents this man from ruling England, and ruling her nobly? Simply the want of that which is the root of all true practical as well as intellectual greatness—the power of patient, steady, forecasting thought. His ardent, restless, impulsive mind seems absolutely incapable of retiring into itself for the purpose of deliberation, of fixing a distinct end of action, of selecting the means to that end coolly, of pursuing it steadily, of studying the characters of individuals or of masses of men on whom or through whom he has to operate. It is impossible at any given moment to tell whither he is going; and therefore he must always have many admirers and few followers. Of the few followers he has, he has been the brilliant ruin. His party may say to him, as Lord CHATHAM said to Lord TEMPLE—

*Extincti me teque, soror, populumque patresque  
Sidonios, urbenque tuam.*

His very speeches in the House of Commons are too manifestly the utterances of a man who does not think till he gets upon his legs—who carries on before the House the debate which ought to have been held and determined in the recesses of his own mind—and who may land himself and those who follow his fortunes in the most unexpected conclusion before he sits down. He drifts amidst universal applause—but he drifts; and his noble eloquence adorns but does not control the tide. Oratoric victory satisfies him, when he should be satisfied only with practical results; and, perhaps, he is liable even to the fatal infirmity of using rhetoric to himself. He might long since have played the greatest part, if he had only been capable of choosing one. He might have led the Liberals, and saved them from misguidance and extravagance. He might have led the Conservatives, and saved them from dishonour. He has

hung and wavered between the two sides, applauded, courted, and impotent, while fanatical partisans or low intriguers have usurped the power which some crotchet or antipathy was always forbidding him to grasp. His conduct in the Crimean war was a masterpiece of weakness. He managed at once to incur all the responsibilities of the strongest advocates of war, and all the odium of the most chimerical friends of peace. He deserted and opposed Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet, as it seemed, for the very purpose of rendering the object of his fear and antipathy the absolute master of the Government and the prime favourite of the nation. His mode of endeavouring to arrest the war was the very opposite of that which would have been chosen by any mind in the least degree accustomed to control its impulses and shape its conduct with a view to a practical end. Instead of marking the point in advance at which a determined effort to pull up might be made with a fair chance of success, he kept catching wildly at the rein of a runaway horse; and he, and those who acted with him, were naturally sent headlong into the mud. If in these transactions he was moved partly by the sinister inspirations of men who have studied his open character for the purpose of influencing it, that only affects the source not the extent of the weakness. But why should we go further for evidence of his political infirmity than his acceptance of his present mission? The greatest of all political questions is coming on in Parliament. All parties and all men are preparing to meet it and to control the issue by all the means in their power. Suddenly the one man who, from his capacity and his independence, might have been most completely master of the situation, and might have used his power most beneficially for the Constitution, like a child lured by a butterfly, leaves the great object and the great scene of action, throws up the responsibilities of a member for one of the first constituencies in the Empire, and accepts from the hand of an insidious rival a third-rate mission for the purpose of indulging a literary and ethnological amour.

The place Mr. GLADSTONE has chosen for himself, if he has chosen to be the petty King of the Ionian Islands, is one utterly unworthy any great man. It is one in which he has before him the prospect of endless palaver, and nothing more. Had he even chosen to rule a great English colony, and endeavour to impress his mark on its destinies, he might have achieved great practical results, and left a name as splendid and as enduring as that of the most successful leader of the House of Commons. But for the alien race to which he is gone, he can do nothing but stimulate by his presence the desire and expectation of that forbidden boon which it will be his ungracious and inevitable duty to deny. That very historical sympathy by which he has been caught is really of a spurious kind. "In the course of the seventh and eighth centuries," says Bishop THIRLWALL, at the conclusion of his *History of Greece*, "the worst forebodings were realized; after many transient incursions, the country was permanently occupied by Slavonic settlers. The extent of the transformation which ensued is most clearly proved by the number of the new names which succeeded to those of the ancient geography. But it is also described by historians in terms which have suggested the belief that the native population was utterly swept away, and that the modern Greeks are the descendants of barbarous tribes which subsequently became subject to the Empire, and received the language and religion which they have since retained from Byzantine missionaries and Anatolian colonists; and such is the obscurity which hangs over the final destiny of the most renowned nation of the earth, that it is much easier to show the weakness of the grounds on which this hypothesis has been reared, than to prove that it is very wide of the truth." The scenes of the *Odyssey* Mr. GLADSTONE will indeed find, and enjoy with a Homeric soul. Let him remember, as he looks on Ithaca, that the ancient ULYSSES, unlike the modern, had in all his wanderings a definite object, and that he was not, as classical sentimentalists represent him, "roaming with a hungry heart," but doing his best to bring himself and his comrades home.

#### THE COST OF THE NAVY.

EVEN when the country is undergoing one of its periodical spasms of economy, the Navy Estimates are forbidden ground. An assault on the Miscellaneous Estimates is often successful, and even the Army has not always been proof against such attacks; but no one who values his own popu-

larity ever attempts to cut down the strength of the fleet, or the quota of seamen which the Government for the time being may declare to be necessary for the defence of our shores and the maintenance of our maritime supremacy. However it may fall short in other respects, even Mr. BRIGHT would reluctantly admit that the House of Commons does represent the feeling of the country in the cheerful prodigality with which it votes men and money for the service of the fleet.

If the navy is not in a condition of perfect efficiency, the fault does not rest with the parsimony of members of Parliament or their constituents; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that any amount of money which a Minister thought fit to ask for would be ungrudgingly voted on the faintest hint that the naval preponderance of Great Britain was in danger of being lost. But, without speculating on what would be granted on this or that emergency, the sums that have been actually voted and spent during the last five or six years are enough to prove the liberality of the country, and ought, one would think, to have sufficed to give to our fleet a continually increasing superiority over the other navies of Europe. The average expenditure on the navy for the last six years (without including the cost of transport during the war) has been 9,000,000*l.* a year. Nor is this to be ascribed altogether to the late war, for the estimates have not fallen since the peace below 8,000,000*l.*, and those for the present year are as high as 8,400,000*l.* No other country has ventured on an outlay at all approaching this. If one could trust official figures under the Imperial administration, the French navy has cost only 29,000,000*l.* during the six years in which England has paid away 54,000,000*l.*

It is probable that M. MAGNE'S Budgets do not very accurately describe the real expenditure of the *Ministère de la Marine*, but the most extravagant allowance for errors of detail must leave the proportionate outlay of the two countries substantially unchanged. In round numbers, France has been spending 5,000,000*l.* a year against an outlay of 9,000,000*l.* on the part of England; and if the evidence of observers from all quarters is good for anything, the EMPEROR'S money has produced a larger return than our own expenditure of nearly double the amount. No two statements of the relative strength of the French and English navies absolutely agree, because ships that are set down in one list as efficient liners appear in a more fastidious estimate as unserviceable hulks. But there can be no mistake about the general result, in which not only American and German writers, but our own Admirals and Ministers, substantially agree. It may at any rate be assumed, without fear of cavil, that there is no very important difference in the strength of the steam navies of France and England. Now, this was certainly not true six or eight years ago. England has unquestionably lost ground since the establishment of the Empire, and we should like much to learn the secret by which the French Administration contrives to surpass the performances of our Admiralty at very little more than half the cost which our navy entails. The explanation which accounts for the enormous sums that were swallowed up in our dockyards in earlier years has no application to the recent period to which alone we are now referring. We have not been building paddle steamers or iron men-of-war since 1852; neither have we shown more enterprise in experiment than has been exhibited in the dockyards of France and America. In some inscrutable manner the magnificent sums which are annually voted for the naval service seem to melt away without giving us any proportionate value in return. Perhaps the very facility with which the money is obtained may have something to do with the reckless manner in which it appears to be got rid of. If so, it is vain to look for substantial improvements as the fruit of increased liberality. It may be more to the purpose to institute a rigid inquiry into the system of the Admiralty administration, before entrusting larger and larger sums to the hands of a department which has acquired the art of spending fabulous amounts of money without producing anything to show for all its outlay. There seems no possibility of accounting for the small results of our naval expenditure, except by the hypothesis of an amount of maladministration in the Admiralty beyond all that angry admirals have ever laid to its charge. No doubt, a great deal of money may be got through by laying down ships on one model, and cutting them up when finished in order to rebuild them on an entirely different one; and there is always the resource of dismantling a ship and laying her up



in ordinary when she is certain to be wanted in commission again within a month or two. Perhaps there is no branch of the Executive in which a little vacillation and caprice will go so far to swell the expenditure of the year as in the management of the navy; and certainly there is none in which it is of more vital importance to reap the full benefit of our outlay.

In the early part of last session, Sir J. PAKINGTON somewhat tranquillized the public mind by the assurance that he could, if necessary, send out a score of well-manned ships within a very few weeks, and that the summer would not be allowed to pass without the organization of a Channel Fleet. These, at any rate, are not times when preparation can be safely dispensed with, even if the permanent maintenance of such a squadron were not, as we believe it to be, the most economical as well as the most effective mode of keeping up a reserve of seamen to form a nucleus for the fleets which would be needed in the event of war. But the utmost that has been accomplished has been to collect together just five ships as a nominal fulfilment of the promise so rashly given. Sir J. PAKINGTON has shown so much earnestness in his administration of the navy that it is impossible to attribute his shortcomings to anything but sheer inability to make good his own representations. It may, therefore, be taken as a fair description of the present condition of the English navy, that an expenditure of about eight millions and a half has not been sufficient, after providing for routine duties on foreign stations, to leave even half a dozen ships immediately available to patrol the British Channel. This is a mystery which, without more light than has yet been thrown upon it, is quite unfathomable, and we hope that Parliament will in future show its care for the navy, not only by voting the necessary funds, but by looking somewhat more closely to the economy and judgment with which they are administered.

#### THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTMENTS.

IN the smoothness of the political torrent before it dashes below into February and the Session, every straw which floats past attracts an unusual amount of attention, and three or four minor appointments have been discussed, censured, and applauded as earnestly as if an equal number of changes had taken place in the Cabinet itself. The vacancy at the Treasury affords a permanent provision for a respectable adherent who has probably become familiar with the routine of his new duties as Parliamentary Secretary of the department, and the change makes room for a devoted follower of Mr. GLADSTONE, whose enlistment is probably intended to cement the recent Ministerial alliance with his chief. If a public career admits of the praise awarded to him *qui bene latuit*, Mr. HAMILTON is fully entitled to that portion of confidence which is ordinarily bestowed on the permanent heads of the Civil Service. Steady and unobtrusive politicians subside easily into safe administrators who appreciate and carry out the established routine of a well-conducted office. After twenty years of restless activity the Treasury must probably be in a condition to transact its functions with mechanical regularity, and, as it were, to flow underground for a season. The Chancellors of the Exchequer who have incessantly succeeded one another are said always to have closed their respective terms of office with a letter of thanks to the indefatigable subordinate who had served them all with equal loyalty. It may be hoped that future Ministers will be equally grateful to the newly appointed Secretary for services which will neither excite their jealousy nor involve troublesome innovations. The Treasury, as the centre of the whole Administrative system, offers many temptations of interference and encroachment to an ambitious functionary; and Sir C. TREVELYAN was just the man to convert the control of the public expenditure into a general right of supervision and management. The PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER have no leisure for the details of the office; and, of the two Parliamentary Secretaries, one is sufficiently occupied with counting votes, while his colleague is engaged in examining tariffs and preparing budgets for his superior. The Assistant-Secretary exercises almost alone the various powers which statute and custom have conferred on the sinecure Lords of the Treasury. Till a recent period even the Commissariat was but a department of the Treasury; and it is a question still in dispute whether the Crimean coffee was not left unroasted in accordance with the immutable regulations of the office. Any excess of jurisdiction which may have been practised by the

late incumbent will naturally tend to correct itself under a less ambitious successor. There is a certain advantage in the occasional displacement of public functionaries, even in those cases where no accession of zeal or of ability can reasonably be expected.

If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE fails to perform with respectable efficiency the duties of Financial Secretary, the absence of success will not be attributable to want of industry, of seriousness, or of facilities for early training. As the pupil of Mr. GLADSTONE, he has studied in a sound financial school, and all the intervals of his leisure seem to have been occupied with grave pursuits, such as those which amuse or edify meetings for the propagation of Social Science. In the higher ranks of office Mr. DISRAELI and Sir E. B. LYTON still keep alive the ancient belief in the expediency of sowing early crops of intellectual wild oats. The doctrine and practice of the younger generation, that time is too precious to be lost, is perhaps safer, at least in the race of subordinate officials. From early youth a man of business, a strict moralist, and a severe philanthropist, the new SECRETARY of the TREASURY is as incapable as Lord STANLEY himself of frittering away his energies in frivolity or in idleness. After an initiation into office as private secretary to Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir S. NORTHCOTE shared, as Commissioner of the Civil Service, in the production of the Report in favour of Competition, which, notwithstanding its weak reasoning and singularly defective style, has been justified by the conclusive test of practical success. It is natural that, while the country supposes itself to believe in the Divine right of universal examination, the early preachers of the dominant faith should receive the reward of their effective activity.

The chief apostle of the doctrine will for a time be obliged to suspend his indefatigable efforts for the assimilation of the civil and military system of England to his favourite Chinese pattern. The Government of Madras will provide ample food even for that morbid greediness of work which alone suggests occasional doubts of Sir C. TREVELYAN's practical ability. The appointment, however, may be considered creditable to the Government, and it may not improbably be attended with beneficial results. An indefatigable and experienced administrator, the new Governor first acquired distinction as a rising Bengal civilian, and many a letter and pamphlet proves that he has since followed, with eager interest, the fortunes of the country with which his youthful hopes were associated. The defect of Sir C. TREVELYAN's mind, or rather perhaps of his temperament, consists in a pertinacious fondness for experimental crotchets, while all his writings and answers to Parliamentary Commissioners show that his reasoning powers are disproportionately small in comparison with his practical energy; but an Indian province requires vigilant administration, and its customs will oppose a solid mass of resistance to gratuitous and fidgety innovations. Tehsildars selected by competitive examination will plunder the peasantry as much and as little as their less meritorious predecessors in office, and some of Sir C. TREVELYAN's schemes deserve a trial, which would scarcely be afforded by any indifferent functionary. Eastern scholars and Indian officials seem to be irreconcilably divided on the question of substituting the Roman alphabet for the numerous vernacular notations; and as the dispute can only be decided by experiment, it is desirable that the attempt should be made under the superintendence of the principal supporter of the project. It is a great advantage to a Governor under the new constitution to have been thoroughly imbued with the Indian traditions of five-and-twenty years ago. During all the discussions of last year, Sir C. TREVELYAN steadily withheld his support from the dangerous follies which were promulgated by ignorant agitators in England and at Calcutta. To the best of his ability he will rule the province committed to his charge with a view to the prosperity of the people and to their advancement in civilization, rather than as an anomalous appendage to the English empire. It is highly desirable that an Indian Governor should have opinions of his own, so that he may not become the involuntary instrument of selfish colonists or of imprudent missionaries. Active, vigorous, self-reliant occupants of high office are, on the whole, more honest, and therefore more practically judicious, than timid commonplace functionaries. The misgovernment of English colonies is owing, in nine cases out of ten, to a feeble love of popularity, always found in connexion with a cowardly dread of responsibility. A *doctrinaire* who, according to Lord MELBOURNE's definition, is characteristically "cock-sure of everything," has often the merit of preferring his own disinterested convictions to the assumed

opinion either of the multitude or of his official superiors. Even if the favourable anticipations suggested by Sir C. TREVELYAN's appointment should not be borne out by the result, the Government, or rather Lord STANLEY, deserves the credit of having made the selection on grounds not unconnected with the public interest. The incidental convenience of providing for Mr. HAMILTON, and of courting Mr. GLADSTONE, can scarcely be regarded as blameable, although it may have furnished a collateral motive for the choice.

#### NORTON STREET, ETC.

THE Social Evil question has reappeared, and with a prominence and under auspices not altogether to be desired. At the very best, these subjects require to be discussed with that fine tact and scrupulous delicacy which, from the nature of the case, are impossible in public meetings; and though we by no means make the charge a personal one against the respectable gentlemen in Marylebone who have taken this matter up, we must remark that there is a mode of bringing such things before the world which at least approaches to the evil of the Social Evil itself. There is a danger of ministering to pruriosity in any public discussion, however well-intentioned, about prostitutes and prostitution. One of the objections—and it is a valid moral objection—against very scientific treatises on sins, especially carnal sins, is that the student acquires a taste for the subjects the morbid anatomy of which is constantly before him. And it is at least dangerous to parade before the public the details of houses of infamy, penitentiaries, and prostitution. Even at a Social Conference these things ought to be discussed *in camera*; and, at any rate, if it be necessary to hold meetings to review the proceedings of the Marylebone Preventive Reformatory Association, there is no occasion to summon the reporters to the anniversary. It would be wrong to have the day-book of a hospital reprinted in the newspapers; and social morals suffer by the publicity which is given to the annals and statistics of the brothel. No doubt these things ought to be studied. In fact, it is, as we have over and over again said, because wise and sincere persons will not give time and thought to these loathsome pages of the book of human life, that society is so offended by the shameless indecency with which prostitution parades itself. There is no subject which so imperatively requires legislative wisdom as this—and that in other departments of it than the mere suppression of street prostitution. But it is because we feel all this that we doubt whether voluntary association is the best machinery for dealing with this great question. And the doubts which we have always had on this point are confirmed and strengthened by some of the proceedings of this particular anniversary.

The Report and speeches are after the usual type of such irregular and occasional appeals of society against its own difficulties. The movement began in a strain of not unnatural indignation, and under the pressure and presence of a wrong strung up to intolerable pitch. Something was done by the parties immediately concerned, and then the energy of action languished; and now a Report of the year's proceedings is issued, written in somewhat stilted language, in order to give the thing a new life, and a public meeting is held to rekindle the dying embers of zeal. This is always the history of voluntary societies, for it is of their nature to colour highly, to speak strongly, and to make a striking picture. The Report is the Final Cause of a society. Now, we doubt whether the social evil (as it is somewhat absurdly called) is to be dealt with in this way. We entertain grave apprehensions that there is a danger, not altogether remote, in all public, especially in all exaggerated, discussions of such a question. The subject does not suit reports and meetings. How to make immoral houses and immoral women as little offensive as possible, is a matter for the public; how to regulate what we cannot prevent, is a question for the statesman who is entrusted with the public safety; how to reform fallen women, is the business of the moralist and the clergyman; and how to clear a neighbourhood, is a problem for the local authorities. But all these separate concerns and duties—some of them merely selfish and personal, and some of them likely enough to come into conflict with each other—are undertaken by the Marylebone Association, and, as might have been expected, not with entire consistency or success. The fact is, the promise and performance of such associations are almost necessarily at issue. The motto of the Marylebone gentlemen is "moderate reform," and they take credit for moderation as contrasted with the St. James's crusade

—which, however, we have no grounds for considering to be immoderate. Yet wherein does their moderation consist? If they could, they would simply prohibit prostitution as far as Marylebone is concerned. And this may be quite right; but it has rather a "thorough" aspect. If this is moderate, what is the immoderate course? The Committee regret that they have done no more. They have nearly cleared the most tainted *quartier* of London; with more means they might have eradicated every house of ill-fame in the notorious Norton-street; and they now appeal for more means to effect this complete clearance. But if this is the duty of the Marylebone householders, it is equally the duty of every body of householders from Paddington to Mile End; and where does this differ from prohibition, which theoretically may be quite right, but can hardly be called a "moderate reformatory measure"? We all know, as a matter of fact, that prohibition is impossible, and that, as was recently proved, the nuisance checked in Windmill-street springs up again at Charing-cross; and, if so, the complaint of the Association, that more has not been done, will hardly enlist general sympathy. We are very sorry for Marylebone, but we do not want its sweepings. We have here only the struggle of every neighbourhood to get rid of its own nuisance, and to saddle it upon somebody else. We naturally fling the snails over our neighbour's wall. This is, after all, a very private and narrow matter. If there must be prostitutes somewhere, whether they are in Norton-street or in Brompton is a matter for Portland-place and Ovington-square to settle.

With respect to the larger and more serious questions mooted by the Association—the regulation (they say "suppression") of houses of ill-fame, and "the enforcement of some penalties against the crime of seduction and procuring"—we must again say that a voluntary Association and public meetings are not the machinery for dealing with these most complex and difficult subjects. Nor are we by any means sure that we have got, or are likely to get, through this instrumentality, at the facts. Very naturally, the clergy and such volunteer philanthropists as attended the late Marylebone meeting, take up evidence in a style the very reverse of judicial. Their moral feelings are so vehemently outraged by the presence of these disgusting sins that they cannot exercise a sound judgment as to the duties of legislation on the subject. They are too personally interested to be calm, or to weigh and measure assertions; and the tendency of public meetings is to run upon telling cases, and to make the most of rare and exceptional details. If subscriptions and public interest are wanted, there is but one road to the popular sympathies—namely, a strong case. And strong cases are not always accurate cases; and if they are, it is not always desirable in these matters to produce your very strong cases. We detect here and there in the reported proceedings what we think must be an overstatement; and we regret this, because, as we have shown on many previous occasions, we yield to none in our estimate of the importance of the subject. We are convinced that the interests at stake will be injured by exaggeration, which, mischievous in every subject-matter, is fatal in this.

Mr. GARNIER does not overstate the matter when he speaks of the importation of foreign girls; but the "room" with seats placed round it, where brothel keepers attend "and bid for the purchase of as many poor creatures as the place would hold," must, if it ever existed, be known to the reverend speaker only by report. Mr. GARNIER speaks as though he had witnessed this very strange auction; but he never could have been present at this slave-market, and we very much doubt the fact. At any rate, the evidence is incomplete. The letters to M.P.'s, &c., are, we happen to know, facts; but what is gained by publishing these things? There is, however, something worse than this. "The Rev. Professor MARKS"—a Jewish gentleman—makes some statements which must surely, in the narrator or reporter, be incorrect. He was called "to visit three Jewesses . . . imported for the purposes of prostitution. In one case . . . he was prevented from taking the poor girl away . . . by her brother." "It was indeed with great regret he said this, considering that her brother was a legislator of the country; and no less a sum than 200*l.* was given to get the girl to remain. . . . How mortifying was it to look at a man holding such a position as this brother did in the country—a man of good means—a married man, having a family—and daughters—acting in this way." If we read this aright, we are to believe that some Belgian or Hamburg "legislator" has sold his sister to a Norton-street establish-



ment for 200*l*. What can this wild and most improbable story mean? That it was narrated at all only shows the danger of public discussions of the "Great Social Evil," with illustrative cases. If there is any—we will not say what—truth in this story of the "legislator," the Rev. Professor MARKS is bound to denounce him by name. We ought to know much more, or much less, about such an abominable case—if true, which we cannot help doubting. Mr. EYRE, rector of Marylebone, is, we observe, very sensitive to the comments of "ignorant anonymous writers in the press." If he is "painfully aware of the difficulty of treating this subject in the pulpit," "from the delicacy of its nature," we must ask him to sympathize with our not altogether unnatural respect for the parallel organ of publicity under our care. The press requires to be quite as reverently treated as the pulpit, and things unfit for the one may be unfit for the other. We have written about Penitentiaries and Refuges more than once; but if anything can injure them, it is to parade before public meetings the death-bed scenes of prostitutes and the hidden details of clerical ministrations. The Social Evil is rapidly becoming a public nuisance, as in other ways, so by the method of its discussion; and if it is desired effectually to repel serious attempts to deal with this momentous question, the end will be gained by treating it with the hackneyed arts of Exeter Hall and the religious platform. The narrowness of Exeter Hall and the Marylebone meeting in conjunction portend evil to the moral and social interests of the public.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

THE English public cannot be said to take any very great interest in Continental affairs. Every now and then some startling event occurs which thrills through England, as, more or less, it thrills through the whole civilized world. The trial of M. de Montalembert excited almost as much attention here as if it had been an English statesman who was to be tried at Westminster; and the ramifications of English commerce are so fine, pervading, and numberless, that every Continental country has its definite money value to us. But usually we do not trouble ourselves much about the Continent. There was no more distinguishing trait of difference between the English and French Parliaments, while France had a Parliament, than the varying degree of importance respectively assigned to foreign affairs in the two assemblies. In France a foreign difficulty was a source of rapture to politicians. They grew furious over its most minute bearings—so keen was the interest they took in the foreign relations of their country. But in England the most exciting questions are domestic questions. They touch on a duty, a tax, a reform, a wholesome conservation of abuses—and not, for the most part, on foreign affairs. And yet the amount of Continental intelligence that is supplied us by the press is quite wonderful. Every newspaper of any mark has, or affects to have, its own correspondent in all the principal centres of European intelligence and wealth; and these correspondents send home daily letters of great length, which are inserted in the several journals, if not in full, at least to so great an extent that it would appear as if the public must have a perfectly morbid appetite for foreign intelligence, which is to be satisfied at any risk and any expense. If we look at the *Nord* or the *Indépendance Belge*—the best foreign papers for intelligence—we see how much more moderate is the ambition of Continental readers, although each nation of the Continent is so much more closely connected with the rest than England is with any. Probably the foreign correspondence of the best and most widely circulated English paper is really read by few people; but then those few are persons who are themselves connected with the Continent, either by foreign residence or by the ties of society or blood, or by their political or literary studies; and as the reputation of a paper depends on the good word of good judges, it is found worth while to give the few readers of foreign intelligence all that they want.

The correspondents of London papers are generally Englishmen; and if we reflect what kind of Englishmen would, as a rule, consent to live in a foreign capital, and there work at collecting shreds of gossip, the excellence of the correspondence, as a whole, may be a matter of reasonable wonder. Paris is an exception to the usual difficulty of finding foreign correspondents for an English journal. It is so near home, the life there is so pleasant, and French politics are so important, that it is worth while, on the one hand, for the best papers to pay well for a good correspondent to go there, and on the other for a good correspondent to take the office. But the merits of correspondents generally are of very varying shades, and are apt at their worst to fade off into an imbecility that is half ludicrous and half repulsive. There are, however, two great types of correspondents, to one of which all tend to approximate. The first of these is the man who, setting himself to think what the best part of the English public wants to know, provides this according to the best of his power. An excellent instance is afforded by the present Prussian Correspondent of the *Times*. It has been his duty lately to send home an account of the Prussian elections. But he was not satisfied with merely

stating the superficial facts of the great change which has ended in giving the whole political power of the country to men who, three months ago, were excluded from even showing themselves in the political field. He felt that the English public wanted something more. He estimated their ignorance accurately, and guessed that they knew no more about Prussian elections, about the machinery employed, and the difficulties in the way of a free election, than if the elections were to have taken place in the centre of Asia. Accordingly, he sent home a series of most instructive essays, in which enough, and not too much, was given to explain the position of the different parties, and the constitutional process by which their battle was decided. The occasions on which such essays would be suitable are, of course, rare. But it is a great thing that a good occasion should have been seized by a competent hand; and even slight and passing criticisms have value when we know that they proceed from the pen of a writer who has proved that he has made himself master of the wider features of the system, and the remoter bearings of the affairs on which he is called to comment. Several correspondents in different papers evidently do their work in the same spirit. In the *Daily News*, especially, the correspondence has an even excellence, and a diversity and freshness of matter, combined with an indication of real knowledge and independent views, which always make the foreign columns of that journal interesting and valuable.

The other type of foreign correspondent is the collector of gossip—the idle dilettanti maker-up of nothings—who prowls about from café to café, lounges in at embassies, and, having selected some one leading line of thought, brings everything into it, as a safe and easy way of getting all his scraps to come in so as to make up the right length of letter. Sometimes it is abuse of "Bomba"—sometimes it is horror of the Pope—sometimes it is the extraordinary sagacity, clemency, and fine feeling of Louis Napoleon, around which everything is thus grouped. And it must be said that in some capitals it is doubtless very hard to collect any trustworthy information. There is no one to give it. There is no political, no politics-talking public. Even the English who come there are generally friends, or aspirants to the friendship, of the local aristocracy, and think our national love for politics bad taste. This is conspicuously the case at Vienna, and we do not envy the position of a Vienna correspondent. It is not often, however, that a correspondent goes so far as to own that he has no basis for the information he sends home; but on Tuesday last, a letter appeared in the *Times* from its Vienna correspondent, in which that gentleman explained that whereas his readers might have naturally supposed that, in the remarks he had made in previous letters as to the position of the Austrians in Italy, he had some facts to go upon, he now wished to say that this was not the case, and that he merely felt what was going to happen. This is not only a curious revelation as to his past letters, but it throws the most mournful uncertainty over his future communications. We shall be the perpetual victims of his feelings, and shall be at a loss for a test to distinguish between the statements which he makes on external authority and those which he works out of his inner self-consciousness. A man must be something out of the common way who can deliberately assure the readers of the leading journal that his valuable communications are really nothing more than random guesses.

An attempt has been recently made to lay before the English public a different kind of foreign correspondence. In the *Continental Review* the letters are not written by Englishmen, but by foreigners, and they are translated. The experiment has been successful so far as to present us with many letters which have been very well worth reading, and have given us a different view of foreign politics from that which Englishmen would have sent. Two things, however, are obvious. The communications of foreigners can only be supplementary to the ordinary foreign correspondence written by Englishmen. There is an English way of looking at things, which must be reflected in some degree by the letters from abroad, in order that Englishmen may form their opinions. But as a guide to and a check upon the English manner of judging, a well-selected series of letters, containing the opinions of able and well-educated foreigners, is very valuable. Secondly, the foreigners selected can only reflect one mode of judging the politics of their own country; and it is evident that all the correspondents of the *Continental Review* belong to the constitutional party, and in Catholic countries to the party of Liberal Catholics. We get, therefore, only one set of opinions reflected; and if we do not ourselves think the set of opinions chosen the one that most deserves to be heard, the plan of having correspondence written by foreigners would not stand very high in our estimation. But the opinions of the correspondents of the *Continental Review* are those to which nine-tenths of educated Englishmen substantially adhere, and the gain of the correspondence of that journal has been that it has given the foreign side of this English opinion. For instance, the letters from Turin and Brussels appear to us the best that are published in the *Continental Review*. Educated Englishmen generally sympathize with the independence of Sardinia, and with the Liberal party in Belgium. What we learn from the Turin correspondent is the conditions on which the independence of his country seems possible to a Sardinian Constitutionalist, while the Belgian correspondent gives us a native estimate of the action of neighbouring Imperialism and domestic Ultramontanists on a nominally Liberal Government. It is impossible that native opinions on such subjects should be without

great importance in the eyes of all Englishmen who wish to penetrate beneath the surface of Continental politics.

The experiment made by our weekly contemporary, coupled with the great exertions to get reliable intelligence and impart requisite knowledge that characterize the foreign columns of the *Times* and the *Daily News*, shows that there are some persons on this side of the Channel who feel that English politics cannot really be separated from Continental. The effect of universal suffrage in France is, for example, the very best instrument of persuasion that can be placed in the hands of those who have to resist the pressure of democracy in the construction of a new Reform Bill. The state of Italy is beginning to tell on the purses of many English families. The history of Continental Ultramontanism has had a considerable share in producing that reaction of the general educated public from any approach to Romanism which so noticeably separates the present from the recent past. And every student of current European history finds the circle of phenomena that call for an examination becoming wider and wider. Any one, for instance, who casually took up the *Daily News* at intervals of a few weeks might be tempted to think that the money and time spent by the conductors of that journal in procuring intelligence from Bosnia, Servia, Dalmatia, Moldavia, and other territories on the borderland between Austria and Turkey, were very ill-bestowed. But the more careful reader is aware that the vague but undeniable and increasing movement that has taken Panslavism as its title, is an element of change that threatens to recast the mould of European power. No one, in fact, who reads foreign correspondence casually can hope to master what is a difficult and a dry study. But we may be at once grateful to, and proud of, the English press, when we find it giving us, if we choose to use them, such ample materials for reflection—materials obtained at so great a cost, and presented in a form which is marked with so many signs of ability, impartiality, and sound judgment.

#### CASUAL CHARITY.

WE do not know that many occurrences of the kind are more curious than the extraordinary effects which have been produced, during the last two or three weeks, by the articles which have appeared in the *Times* about the homeless poor. One or two plain accounts of some of the more striking features of a well-known charity, and a few letters describing particular cases of misery—which, as many of us are unhappily aware, are but samples of an enormous mass of instances of the same kind—produced in a very few days subscriptions to the amount of upwards of 8000*l.* The whole proceeding gives rise to many reflections. Passing over some of the more obvious ones, it is a curious question what would have become of the 8000*l.* if, for any of the thousand and one reasons which necessarily affect the contents of a newspaper, the articles by which the money was elicited had not appeared? The 100*l.* notes, the cheques, the sovereigns, and the shillings would probably have melted away from their owners' purses in many cases almost unnoticed. It is hardly possible to believe that they represent in any large number of instances any very considerable, or indeed appreciable, amount of sacrifice. We should be greatly surprised to learn that the contribution of the money in question had cost any one the pleasure of giving a party or taking a holiday-excursion. Here and there it may have prevented the gratification of some transient whim, but we should imagine that in general its only perceptible result was a slight diminution of the contributors' balance at their bankers'. A man's charity must sit very light upon him, or he must be living in happy ignorance of a vast number of notorious and terrible truths, if such a story as that which was told the other day in the *Times* throws him off his balance and forces him at once to open his purse. There are only three suppositions which can explain such conduct. Either the persons who gave the money must, before they read the articles, have been ignorant of the fact that starvation, cold, nakedness, horrible diseases, and other calamities were the lot of a considerable number of their fellow-creatures. Or they must have had that half-conscious recollection of it, which can only produce fruit when some special illustration is brought with exciting vividness before the mind's eye. Or, having a standing wish to relieve distress as effectually as their opportunities may allow, they must have suddenly been awakened to the special merits of the particular charity in question, and have diverted in its favour some part of what would otherwise have been bestowed in other channels. We do not think that the last supposition is a very likely one. Here and there may be a person who holds in reserve a certain amount of money for the benefit of any special scheme which he may hear of which appears to him a good one; but as a general rule, habitual charity works out its own channels, and is not easily diverted from them. It would therefore seem probable that a great part at least of the subscriptions elicited by the articles in the *Times* must have proceeded either from ignorant, or from habitually indifferent contributors. That any one can in the present day be ignorant of the fact that extreme misery is very common, is to us altogether incredible. The fact has been dwelt upon—we might even say that it has been paraded and traded upon—by all sorts of people for many years past. If this had not been the case it would still be impossible to walk the streets, to read the papers, or to enter into relations of any sort with the poor without becoming aware of it. The police

reports offer a daily record of every sort of fearful misery. Most people have known in their own experience instances of the torture and misery which a drunken or profligate man may inflict upon his family, and there are probably few who have not seen cases of terrible distress arising from unavoidable misfortune in ranks of society in which the temptation to gross vice and crime does not arise.

We are thus reduced to the conclusion that habitual indifference, varied by casual charity, is the true explanation of the burst of subscriptions in favour of the Refuges for the homeless poor. Nothing is further from our intention than to speak unfavourably of the excellent charity to which the money has been given, or to underrate the value of the subscriptions, or the kindness of the subscribers. We would only request them to recollect for a moment what is implied by their sudden liberality. It implies that they have hitherto neglected to a very considerable extent the duty which is incumbent on every man, of seeking out objects of charity, and allotting a stated part of his income to such objects. It is, of course, much better that a man should give money in obedience to casual appeals to his feelings, than that he should not give it at all, but charity ought not to be a matter of feeling and accident. It is emphatically a matter of duty and principle, and the business relating to it ought to be transacted with something of the punctuality and method which are the best safeguards for the discharge of duties, and the due application of principles. There may, no doubt, be persons who feel that the practice of giving so many annual subscriptions to hospitals or charitable societies, by way of a full discharge of the claims of charity, is cold and formal; and such a habit is certainly a poor substitute for good offices of a more personal kind, but it is surely far more useful than mere casual donations. The latter should not be omitted, but they ought to operate upon the donor's conscience, not as discharges from all obligations, but as acknowledgments of the existence of obligations of a wider and more permanent kind.

Apart from this, such occurrences as those which have lately attracted so much attention give rise to many reflections of a very different character. With such stories before us, it is almost impossible not to ask whether the 20*l.*, 50*l.*, or 100*l.*, which a rich man gives to relieve the uncomfortable feeling which the description of so much misery raises in his mind, is anything like enough? Again and again the question recurs why one man should be literally dying of want, whilst another is able to send him a cheque for 100*l.* without thinking about it, or knowing that the money has gone. If Dives feels bound to give Lazarus so much, where does he draw the line? If the demand upon the superfluities of the rich is to be measured by the wants of the poor, why stop at 100*l.* rather than 1000*l.*, or 10,000*l.* or 100,000*l.*? This is the question which lies at the root of half the melancholy sarcasms, and still more melancholy wit of the present day. The writings of such men as Hood are little more than embodiments of it in a variety of forms ludicrous or pathetic. It forms the burden of a whole class of literature, not the less influential because it is somewhat vague in its doctrines, and rests rather on sentiments than on dogmas. It is always well to look such questions in the face, and to attempt at least to give the true answer to them. The answer, or at least part of the answer, in this instance, seems to us to be that the antithesis is only sentimental and not logical. The poverty of the very poor is by no means either a cause or an effect of the riches of the very rich, nor would it be relieved by their permanent impoverishment. That it is not a cause of their riches is obvious from the fact that if by any change pauperism and misery were suddenly abolished, the rich would be all the richer. They would be relieved from a heavy burden and a source of discomfort which, under certain circumstances, might become a source of apprehension. That great misery is the effect of great riches, has been frequently asserted, but it has assuredly never been proved. The argument is that rich people, by promoting unproductive expenditure, consume themselves, or cause to be consumed by the ministers of their pleasures, so large a share of the necessities of life that enough is not left for the poor. It is certain that the fact is not so. If it were, the complaint would not be want of work, but low wages. It seems to us, not that riches produce poverty, but that the state of society which produces riches produces poverty also. If England remained unaltered in all other respects, and if the property of every person of large fortune were rateably distributed amongst the whole population, we should have the old extremes of poverty and wealth again in a very few years. The restless, vehement, pushing temper which pervades the country, and which we see in an exaggerated form in the United States, is the real cause both of poverty and riches. All social relations adapt themselves to this temper. People make all their plans with a view to change. They ride, so to speak, at single anchor. Instead of small proprietors, we have mechanics and labourers earning in many cases wages far greater than the income of an average Continental landholder. Every one has his plans and prospects. Even farm servants think of emigration, and mechanics will roam over the whole face of the country to better themselves. The consequence is, that it requires energy, invention, and good fortune to find employment; and that the imprudent, the unfortunate, the weak—in a word, the unsuccessful—frequently undergo the most cruel sufferings. But those sufferings are not inflicted by the rich—they arise from the unfitness (often innocent, sometimes amiable) of the sufferers for the society in which they



live. There is in New York not perhaps so much misery as in London, but certainly misery not less acute. If the United States were as thickly peopled, they would contain as full an allowance of wretchedness as England. It is not so much the high price of the necessaries of life as the difficulty of finding employment when it is once lost that produces keen distress. The sad stories told in the *Times* bear not on the low wages paid for regular occupations, but on the precarious character of irregular occupations. This evil is a bitter one indeed, but the great wealth of a few rich people has nothing whatever to do with it. It would not be relieved but aggravated, if all were poor and all struggling for a livelihood by any shift that might present itself. Such a state of things actually prevails to some extent in China, and the great cities of that country will hardly be held up as models even to London.

#### JUDICIAL DISCRETION.

WHEN a jurymen does something more than ordinarily absurd—like the learned gentleman who wrote to the *Times* to explain that he had corrected Sir Cresswell Cresswell's law by a reference to Johnson's *Dictionary*—one naturally feels grateful for an institution which provides casual, and to some extent irresponsible arbiters to monopolize the blundering which, in some shape or other, seems a necessary element in every tribunal. The superior wisdom of the Bench becomes the more conspicuous from the foil which a jury supplies; and if, by a curious compromise, a dozen men value the damage of having one's constitution shattered by a railway collision at the respectable sum of a farthing, the law rather gains in dignity, though at the expense of justice, in the particular case. The rebukes which the capricious freaks of jurymen call down from the Bench are so suggestive of the infallibility that is clad in ermine, that they outweigh in their influence any disparagement which the law might otherwise suffer from the occasional failure of justice. Certainly a jury is an admirable contrivance for relieving judges from the invidious and almost impossible task of apportioning damages to the injuries which a plaintiff may have endured. Unluckily there is one important branch of law in which a duty very analogous to this is of necessity cast upon the Bench, and the success with which it is performed is sometimes nearly on a par with the eccentric performances of jurymen themselves. To award a suitable amount of punishment to a man convicted of a criminal offence is almost as difficult as to determine what will be righteous damages in a civil cause. Probably, if the criminal classes were duly represented by an accredited organ in the public press, very ludicrous contrasts would be paraded more frequently than they now are between the sentences of different judges, or even of the same dignitary in different moods, or on different days. The criticism might perhaps be rather one-sided, as it would presumably be directed rather against excessive severity than foolish leniency. The latter is, however, not an uncommon quality, and it is one which the non-murderous portion of society has a real interest in denouncing. One instance, which occurred at York during the Winter Assize, deserves to be recorded for the warning of people in general, and the especial solace of those high-spirited beings who are fond of redressing their injuries with their own hand. It is a common, and, perhaps, upon the whole, a useful prejudice, to consider it something like a hanging matter to put a bullet into the brain of a man who has done you a grievous wrong; and, indeed, if the act of revenge is committed with deliberation after sleeping over the offence, it is difficult to find fault with the law which sees no palliation in the provocation which the murderer may have received. Mr. Thomas Champion, who was convicted at York on the 20th of December, was fortunate in being tried by a judge and jury superior to these antiquated prejudices. Mr. Baron Watson is not a hanging judge, as the following narrative will show:—

Thomas Champion, the prisoner, was a carpenter by trade, and up to September last had been employed by a builder in Sheffield, of the name of Fewdale. The workshop was at a place called the Wicker; but shortly before the transaction which gave rise to the trial, Champion had been made foreman of some works which Mr. Fewdale was executing at the Sheffield residence of the Duke of Norfolk, known as the Farm. In consequence of the dismissal of two of the workmen with whom the prisoner was not satisfied, or from some other cause, the men in Mr. Fewdale's employ took a great dislike to Champion, and combined to oust him from his occupation. The majority of the men did not profess to have any personal complaints to make against the prisoner, but, with the cowardly tyranny which so often disgraces the associations of working men, they all leagued together to gratify the grudge which a few of them had, rightly or wrongly, conceived against him. On the 24th of September a round robin, signed by all the workmen, was sent to Mr. Fewdale, charging Champion with being overbearing, spiteful, and ignorant, and insisting upon his removal from his post. This was followed up by a deputation from the Trade Union of which many of the workmen were members, who stated that, unless the prisoner was removed, all the men would be taken off. As this imperious mandate was not at once obeyed, matters were brought to a crisis on the 12th of October by a general strike, when the builder was compelled to give way and discharge him. On the following Monday, the 18th of October, Mr. Fewdale, considering that the men's object was

merely to get rid of Champion as a foreman, gave him work again at the Farm as a common journeyman. But the men were implacable, and immediately struck again, and the result was that he was once more discharged. This seems to have taken place early on the 18th of October, though the time is not exactly stated. We have described these circumstances with some particularity, because they explain the motive for the crime which the prisoner committed on the following day, and supply the only imaginable excuse for the lenity of the judge's sentence. The rest of the story is soon told. The private watchman at the Farm had a six-shot revolver, which he was in the habit of carrying by night, and which he locked up every morning in the watch-house. At six o'clock on the morning of the 19th of October, the pistol, loaded and capped, was safely locked up. The prisoner, who had had the greater part of a day and a night to meditate over his wrongs, had by this time determined on his revenge. He broke open the door of the watch-house, put the pistol in his pocket, and went from the Farm to the shop in the Wicker, where his enemies were at work. On entering, he briefly charged a man named Grayson with having been the instigator of the combination against him. The man had scarcely time to deny the accusation when the prisoner put the pistol to his ear and lodged a bullet in his brain. He then turned to another workman, held the pistol to his head, and snapped a second barrel, which luckily hung fire; and after a short struggle he was overpowered and disarmed. His own comment on his deed was, "I could not help it; they have taken the bread out of my mouth." By a marvellous stroke of fortune Champion escaped being put on his trial for murder. Grayson seems to have been hard-headed even for a Yorkshireman, and after hovering for a time between life and death, so far recovered that he is pronounced out of danger, though he still has an ounce of lead stowed away just behind his left eye.

However little the good constitution of his victim may have had to do with the prisoner's moral guilt, it reduced his offence to an attempt to murder, for which the heaviest punishment is penal servitude for life. It is the practice of criminal lawyers always to give juries a choice of verdicts, perhaps for the express purpose of affording scope for their humane sentiments. The prisoner, therefore, was charged with the usual graduated series of crimes, beginning with shooting with intent to murder, and descending to the milder forms of assault. That the man meant to kill was too obvious, when he had shot one man through the head, and had tried to do the same to another. That the crime was deliberate could not be questioned, when the time that had elapsed and the manner in which the pistol was obtained were considered. That the motive was revenge, for what we will assume to have been a cruel and cowardly injury, was the consideration which induced the jury to find that the prisoner had fired the pistol without any murderous intent. They accordingly brought in a verdict of guilty on the count which charged him with unlawfully wounding. Mr. Baron Watson must, of course, have known that a verdict which denied the intent to murder was so far in direct opposition to the evidence; but the not unnatural, though mischievous, sympathy of the jury for the prisoner's wrongs relieved the judge from the necessity of passing sentence for the offence of which the prisoner was proved, though not found, to be really guilty. A considerable margin was still left for the discretion of the judge, who might, if he pleased, mark his sense of the gravity of the offence by a punishment of penal servitude for life. The way in which this discretion was exercised was, by passing a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment—a punishment not uncommonly awarded for striking a policeman in a street row. The interpretation which cannot fail to be put upon such a sentence will be, that the moral guilt of a deliberate attempt to murder is, in great measure, atoned by the existence of a strong motive for revenge. If Grayson had died, no judge could have helped passing sentence of death upon the prisoner; but the victim survives by a miracle, and a year's imprisonment is thought a proper vindication of the law. A very pleasant time for criminals seems to be approaching. It is already an almost settled practice to acquit a prisoner on the ground of insanity, whenever the motive for a murder is apparently inadequate. Champion's case provides for the opposite extreme, and secures the criminal from adequate punishment, provided only his motive be a sufficiently strong sentiment of revenge. What with acquittals for insanity, and substantial acquittals out of sympathy, it will soon become an extremely difficult thing to do anything which the law will recognise as a serious crime. Such coarse phrases as murder and manslaughter will go out of fashion, and there will be no more formidable ruffians at large than gentlemen afflicted with a morbid propensity to slay or wound by a generous impulse of implacable revenge.

Some moralists of stern dispositions would perhaps go so far as to say that it is just where the temptation to take vengeance is strongest that the severe enforcement of the law is most especially called for. But, without adopting so hard a principle as this, it seems to be a dangerous doctrine to accept in mitigation of punishment the plea on which Champion relied. His whole defence was summed up in the words he used immediately after the crime:—"I could not help it. They have taken the bread out of my mouth." If the plea "I could not help it," is to be listened to in palliation of a deliberate offence, there are few cases in which it may not be urged. The law allows such an extenuation only in two

instances—one where the crime is committed in hot blood, and the other where the prisoner is proved to be mentally incapable of knowing the nature of his act. It is a spurious humanity that would extend to prisoners a wider indulgence than this, and we cannot help regarding the sentence on Thomas Champion as a dangerous step in this direction. The learned judge himself observed that, if he allowed it to go forth that this was an ordinary crime, it would soon bring about a state of anarchy. There is good sense in the remark, but it was a somewhat illogical conclusion to inflict just the sort of sentence which is a very common punishment for very ordinary crimes.

#### ONWARD.

THE selection of Mr. Scott as the architect of the new Foreign Office, although in many respects a subject of great congratulation, was, taken isolately, an incomplete success. London had secured one noble public office on a most desirable site. But what London was asking for was a series of such offices—a Palace of Administration, built near the Palace of the Legislature, commodious and dignified, and in outward appearance suited for its locality. Otherwise the new Foreign Office might have been but a purple patch tacked on to the ragged garment of old official taste. Happily, the apprehension has been dissolved almost as soon as it was raised. The all-important second step, which secures what has been done and guarantees what is to come, is already taken. The new India Department, having resolved to change from Leadenhall-street to the official quarter, determined to plant itself on that portion of ground east of the new Foreign Office which, in the competition of two years since, was allotted to the War Department. As the funds with which it proposed to carry out the fitting were to be raised without the intervention of the annual supplies, the Indian Office was of course master, in every sense of the word, of the situation. Had it pleased to take a narrow and pedantic view of its position, it might have said that the obligations of duty on its part were limited to finding sufficient accommodation for its own business, and that it was entrusted with the prosperity of India, not with the artistic credit of London, or with that of other branches of Administration. Moreover, it might have attempted, as Lord Palmerston's Secretary of the Treasury did in the case of the Foreign Office, to play off the claims of old East Indian employes against the public utility. It was, in short, on the cards that the affair might result in a most irritating and difficult complication—no doubt, in an acrimonious controversy—probably in a Parliamentary *mêlée*. All these apprehensions—for every one of which there was plausible ground, arising out of the experience of the three last years—have happily been falsified. The official architect inherited from the much-abused East India Company was an artist and a man of generous feelings, and, in his view of the situation, private ambition and cold routine were not the be-all and the end-all. The first instalment of the great new range of buildings was in the hands of a man of European fame. Accordingly, Mr. Digby Wyatt, with true high feeling, sees no difficulty in marrying his delegated task to the completion of Mr. Scott's broad idea. The Indian Minister and Council respond to the arrangement, and the result is, that Mr. Scott and Mr. Wyatt are appointed the joint architects of the New India Office, upon the understanding that Mr. Scott shall be responsible for the exterior, while the internal arrangements and decorations shall be the combined work of the associated artists. We need not expatiate upon the solid advantage of the exterior of the two contiguous Offices being the production of one mind. In the conjunction of Mr. Digby Wyatt for the interior, we also see substantial grounds for congratulation. Without having enlisted under the standard of the absolute Gothic party, Mr. Wyatt has most carefully studied, and is in his published writings a high authority on, Mediaeval art in many of its phases, and especially in those decorative elements which Italy tenders to the architect of the future. But this is not all, for he has also, as might have been expected from his position, extended his researches into the multifarious art of the East, which offers in so many of its characteristics a close affinity with that of Europe in the long Middle Ages. Coupled as his learning is with a singularly refined taste and a most acute ingenuity, Mr. Digby Wyatt is eminently qualified to co-operate in the excogitation of a system of ornamentation which starts from the same ground of rational eclecticism as that which Mr. Scott has taken up in his designs for the Foreign and (proposed) War Offices, but which, in fulfilment—according to the special circumstances—of that very eclecticism, by rule of reason and common sense, proposes to enlist fresh succour from the artistic East. We are not advocating extravagance when we say that the nation, in building its Indian Office, would not fulfil its mission if it did not make the structure express the union which links the races of Hindostan to this Anglo-Saxon empire. In the hands of men of capacity this may be done, and yet the cost not exceed the outlay which old official ways of building and book-scrap ornamentation would have run up for a heavy and incongruous mass of sham Italian masonry. Into such hands we believe that the new Indian Office has fallen, and we congratulate the metropolis accordingly on the dawn of a better artistic future. To the Minister of Works, who took the first right step, and to his colleague at the Indian Office, and the Council who followed up that step, the thanks of all sensible men are especially due.

But even with the Foreign and the Indian Offices thus admi-

rably brought into unison, we refuse to be entirely satisfied. Not even the inevitable new Colonial Office will content us, so long as the War Office is to be jobbed and sacrificed. Contemporaneously with the attempted burking of the Foreign Office, the congenial authorities who ruled the War Department twelve months since—and some of whom are still in authority there—contrived, by a *coup de main*, to secure a temporary triumph for the absurd plan of buying up a lot of houses on the south side of Pall Mall, and hitching them on to the *ci-devant* Ordnance, to house the War Administration. The present Government, succeeding in a hurry to its predecessor's estimates, and still very uncertain of its own footing, passively allowed the sleepy sanction of Parliament to be given to this proposition, and is now the happy possessor of house property in Pall Mall as incommensurate in its position and shape as it is insufficient in its area to form the future head-quarters of the Secretary of State for War. On the other side, down in Westminster, and close to the future Foreign and the future Indian Office, stands a rookery of houses as easy to be purchased as those over whose site the two new Offices will range. The Office of a fifth Secretary of State being placed in immediate juxtaposition to those of his four colleagues will aid the public convenience no less than it will subserve the external grandeur of the metropolis. In both these aspects, therefore, we claim the gift as a completion not only desirable but necessary to the work already in hand. We venture to make this claim, because it stands in evidence within the Blue-book of the Foreign Office Committee of last session, that the whole of the property in Pall Mall—a range of frontage which the projectors of clubs, and the aristocratic planners of mansions would greedily gobble up—would more than pay for the needful space in that less delectable neighbourhood where the War Department ought to stand. In plain English, there would be the site for nothing, and money in hand to begin building with. A paragraph which was inserted in the draft report recommending the House to act up to this condition of matters was postponed, not because the Committee wished to express any opinion on the matter, but because it desired to limit its recommendations to the specific question of the Foreign Office. That question being now solved, and the additional element of the Indian Office being thrown in, there is no reason why the unsatisfactory makeshift of last year should be adhered to. There is, on the contrary, every consideration of art, convenience, and finance, loudly calling for its reversal; and upon that reversal we shall not cease on all fitting occasions to insist. Equally shall we insist upon other metropolitan improvements conceived in the same broad spirit which has dictated action in the case of the Foreign and Indian Offices.

To one all-essential requirement of these we must, before we conclude, advert, however briefly. The Palace of the Legislature is built—the Palace of Administration is in hand. We likewise want the Palace of Justice—not a makeshift here and a makeshift there—a Court of Probate in the gloomy purlieus of Doctors' Commons, and Courts for the Vice-Chancellors encroaching on the Chambers of Lincoln's Inn—but one stately and concentrated pile in the heart of the legal quarter of London, which shall combine under its one roof permanent quarters for the various high tribunals of the land. The site for this we believe it were not hard to find in a mass of paltry buildings to the south of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the very destruction of which would be a gain correlative with those demolitions to which the Palace of Administration is leading. The funds are equally forthcoming, in a vast deposit which has already paid toll for similar purposes, without the least possible detriment to any existing interest—the large mysterious "Suitors' Fund." Nothing is wanted but the "will"—the "way" is all prepared. In the erection accordingly of the Palace of Justice, not less than in the removal to Westminster of the War Department, we say, and not, in all probability, for the last time, "Onward."

#### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE last season of Mr. Kean's management has already proved more interesting than any that have preceded it. Our great tragedian has steadily carried out the plan which he laid down for worthily taking leave of the public. By a rapid series of "revivals," he shows a comprehensiveness in his grasp of Shakspearian characters that could hardly have been surmised by a playgoer of four or five years' standing. While the works he selected were made vehicles for archaeological decoration, a frequent change in the programme was impossible; for the immense outlay occasioned by the execution of a grand historical spectacle could only be covered by a long and uninterrupted "run." Hence, although a performance of *Henry VIII.* (for instance), on upwards of one hundred consecutive nights, was an event altogether without precedent in theatrical annals—it being an attested fact that Mrs. Kean played Queen Katharine oftener in one season than Mrs. Siddons had played it in the course of an entire life—still it cannot be denied that Mr. Kean, while manifesting the most brilliant qualities both as an actor and as a manager, concealed that versatility which is one of his most striking characteristics. Now, however, quickly passing not only from one part to another, but even from tragedy to comedy, he is regarded by the public from a new point of view, and much indeed does he gain from the inspection. He is no longer the Mr. Charles Kean who shines in this or that particular part,



because, perhaps, it is suited to him. He is an unrivalled master of both the great departments of histrionic art, and absolutely commands all the varieties they offer. The best King John and the best Macbeth have been followed by the best Benedick and the best Mr. Oakley; so that, just as people begin to imagine that the art of playing high comedy is lost altogether, they are reminded that our great tragedian is in possession of the secret.

It is almost in the natural order of things, that in going through his long list of Shakspearian characters, Mr. Kean reverts to Hamlet, the favourite part of his youthful days, and the one, moreover, with which his name is most permanently associated. His right to Hamlet is acknowledged by universal suffrage; for even in those times when it was the fashion among a certain clique to depreciate his merits, a grand exception was made in favour of this particular part. The coolest encomiasts were forced to admit that he represented the Prince like a gentleman—that he fenced, walked, and talked like a person “full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing,”—and this admission was worth something, though it merely glanced at the surface of one of the profoundest conceptions ever realized on the modern stage.

No character is more opposite to Hamlet than Louis XI.—the latter being a specimen of the most earthly reality, the former as ideal as a poet's creation can possibly be without loss of individual distinctness, while at the same time it lacks the sharpness of a personified abstraction. Nevertheless, we feel justified in surmising that the Louis XI. of Mr. Kean first taught the public fully to appreciate his Hamlet. The hero of Delavigne's play was new to the London stage. The strange attributes with which he was endowed, and which stamped him as an exception to the rest of his fellow-men, could not have been derived from tradition. Hence, when Mr. Kean presented the public with a compound of meanness, cunning, superstition, and cowardice, such as had never before been witnessed, he not only surprised them by the singular truth of his delineation, but he compelled them to acknowledge that he was an original actor, capable of elaborating an intricate part out of his own brain. The production of Louis XI. was an event of no particular importance in the history of Mr. Kean's talent, considered by itself; but its importance with respect to the public appreciation of that talent is so unquestionable that we might almost be tempted to divide the artist's recent career into two parts—one preceding, the other following, the month of January, 1855. In that particular month the tendency to attack the first tragedian of his day by sneers and caricatures was brought to a sudden standstill. People had found out that Mr. Charles Kean was not only worthy of applause—a comparatively light matter—but that he was worth studying. If all the *minutiae* of Louis' character were so completely rendered, why should not equal justice be done to the personages of Shakspeare? The artist who has created one character—and that of no mean rank—with all its distinctive peculiarities, may be profitably watched when he attempts the interpretation of another. To Mr. Kean the strict scrutiny thus evoked was most advantageous, for he is just one of those highly-finished artists who gain instead of losing by minute observation. His Wolsey, and his Richard II., were closely scanned; his readings were considered with the attention they deserved; the depth of his pathos was felt; his apprehension of the broad phases of character was acknowledged. He was the same Charles Kean that had been before the public for years; but the full appreciation of his great qualities was a comparative novelty. The world found itself in possession of a tragedian of the highest class, and scarcely knew how it had acquired the treasure. No one has more bravely fought an up-hill battle against the obstacle of faint praise than Mr. Kean, and no one has gained a more decided victory. He had even to force into the background his own pre-eminent reputation as a manager of exquisite taste and princely magnificence, and assert his position as an actor only, before his conquest was complete. With what purpose do the lovers of the poetical drama seek the Princess's Theatre now? Not for the sake of witnessing a glittering spectacle—not for the sake of receiving antiquarian instruction—but simply for the sake of studying Mr. Kean's interpretation of Shakspeare. He is no longer deemed the manager of shows, or the merely showy actor—he is the acknowledged expounder of the national poet, to whose exposition every one listens with admiring respect.

The revival of *Hamlet* has attracted a crowded audience of the highest class. The principal part in this piece is one that in itself comprises many men, under such various aspects it is seen; and thus the wonderful versatility of Mr. Kean is fully displayed in the course of a single evening. The character, we need not say, is one of the most arduous in the Shakspearian repertory; but Mr. Kean, while he portrays all the manifold passions appertaining to it, is perfectly easy, polished, and natural throughout. His words, grave or gay, quiet or impassioned, drop from his lips as if they formed part of his own proper utterances—his movements are graceful and unconstrained—in a word, a perfect whole is presented, no part of which is sacrificed to the rest. Such a thorough mastery of a character in all its bearings is rarely achieved on any stage, and the public are actuated by something like a sense of duty when they honour Mr. Kean's *Hamlet* with their especial patronage. They rightly anticipate an exhibition unique in its kind; and even though they have frequently witnessed it before, its beauties are so many and so recondite, that they amply repay a sedulous and repeated study. Indeed, our chief tragedian has not been seen properly by those who have not seen his *Hamlet*.

## REVIEWS.

### POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE.\*

WE had thought that the Popular Tales, the *Kinder und Hausmährchen* which the Brothers Grimm collected from the mouths of old women in the spinning-rooms of German villages, could never be matched. But here we have a collection from the Norse as like those German tales as “Dapplegrim was to Dapplegrim.” “There wasn't a hair on one which wasn't on the other as well.” These Scandinavian *Folkeeventyr* were collected by MM. Asbjørnsen and Moe during the last fifteen years, and they have now been translated into English by Mr. Dasent, the translator of the *Icelandic Edda*, and the writer of that excellent article in the last *Oxford Essays*, “On the Norsemen in Iceland.” The translation shows in every line that it has been a work of love and unflagging enjoyment; and we doubt not that, even transplanted on a foreign soil, these fragrant flowers will strike root, and live, and be the delight of children—young and old—for many generations to come.

Who can tell what gives to these childish stories their irresistible charm? There is no plot in them to excite our curiosity. No gorgeous description of scenery, à la Kingsley, dazzles our eyes—no anatomy of human passion, à la Thackeray, rivets our attention. No, it is all about kings and queens, about princes and princesses, about starving beggars and kind fairies, about doughty boys and clumsy trolls, about old hags that bawl and screech, and about young maidens, as white as snow and as red as blood. The Devil, too, is a very important personage on this primitive stage. The tales are short and quaint, full of downright absurdities and sorry jokes. We know from the beginning how it will all end. Poor Boots will marry the Princess and get half the kingdom. The stepmother will be torn to pieces, and Cinderella will be a great queen. The troll will burst as soon as the sun shines on him; and the Devil himself will be squeezed and cheated till he is glad to go to his own abode. And yet we sit and read, we almost cry, and we certainly chuckle, and we are very sorry when—

Snip, snap, snout,  
This tale's told out.

There is witchery in these simple old stories yet! But it seems useless to try to define in what it consists. We sometimes see a landscape with nothing particular in it. There is only a river, and a bridge, and a red-brick house, and a few dark trees, and yet we gaze and gaze till our eyes grow dim. Why we are charmed we cannot tell. Perhaps there is something in that simple scenery which reminds us of our home, or of some place which once we saw in a happy dream. Or we watch the grey sky and the heavy clouds on a dreary day. There is nothing in that picture that would strike an artist's eye. We have seen it all hundreds of times before; and yet we gaze and gaze, till the clouds, with their fantastic outlines, settle round the sun, and vanish beyond the horizon. They were only clouds on a grey afternoon, and yet they have left a shadow on our mind that will never vanish. Is it the same perhaps with these simple stories? Do they remind us of a distant home, of a happy childhood? Do they recall fantastic dreams, long vanished from our horizon—hopes that have set, never to rise again? Is there some childhood left in us, that is called out by these childish tales? If there is—and there is with most of us—we have only to open our book, and we shall fly away into Dream-land, like “the lassie who rode on the north wind's back to the castle that lies east o' the sun and west o' the moon.” Nor is it Dream-land altogether. There is a kind of real life in these tales—life, such as a child believes in—a life, where good is always rewarded, wrong always punished; where every one, not excepting the Devil, gets his due; where all is possible that we truly want, and nothing seems so wonderful that it might not happen to-morrow. We may smile at those dreams of inexhaustible possibilities; but, in one sense, that child's world is a real world too, and those children's stories are not mere pantomimes. What can be truer than Mr. Dasent's happy description of the character of Boots, as it runs through the whole cycle of these tales?

There he sits idle whilst all work; there he lies with that deep irony of conscious power which knows its time must one day come, and meantime can afford to wait. When that time comes he girds himself to the feat, amidst the scoffs and scorn of his flesh and blood; but even then, after he has done some great deed, he conceals it, returns to his ashes, and again sits idly by the kitchen-fire, dirty, lazy, despised, until the time for final recognition comes, and then his dirt and rags fall off—he stands out in all the majesty of his Royal robes, and is acknowledged once for all a King.

And then we see—

The proud, haughty Princess, subdued and tamed by natural affection into a faithful, loving wife. We begin by being angry at her pride; we are glad at the retribution which overtakes her, but we are gradually melted at her sufferings and hardships when she gives up all for the Beggar and follows him; we feel for her when she exclaims, “Oh! the Beggar, and the babe, and the cabin!” and we rejoice with her when the Prince says, “Here is the Beggar, and there is the babe, and so let the cabin be burnt away.”

There is genuine fun in the old woman who does not know whether she is herself. She has been dipped into a tar-barrel, and then rolled on a heap of feathers; and when she sees herself

\* *Popular Tales from the Norse*. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas. 1859.

feathered all over, she wants to find out whether it is her or not. And how well she reasons! "Oh! I know," she says, "how I shall be able to tell whether it is me; if the calves come and lick me, and our dog Tray doesn't bark at me when I get home, then it must be me, and no one else." It is, however, quite superfluous to say anything in praise of these tales. They need no recommendation of ours. They will make their way in the world and win everybody's heart, as sure as Boots made the Princess say, "That is a story!"

But we have not done with Mr. Dasent's book yet. There is one part of it, the Introduction, which in reality tells the most wonderful of all wonderful stories—the migration of these tales from Asia to the north of Europe. It might seem strange, indeed, that so great a scholar as Grimm should have spent so much of his precious time in collecting his Märchen, if these Märchen had only been intended for the amusement of children. When we see a Lyell or Owen pick up pretty shells and stones, we may be sure that, however much little girls may admire these pretty things, this was not the object which these wise collectors had in view. Like the blue and green and rosy sands which children play with in the Isle of Wight, these tales of the people, which Grimm was the first to discover and collect, are the *detritus* of many an ancient stratum of thought and language, buried deep in the past. They have a scientific interest. The results of the Science of language are by this time known to every educated man, and boys learn at school—what fifty years ago would have been scouted as absurd—that English, together with all the Teutonic dialects of the Continent, belongs to that large family of speech which comprises, besides the Teutonic, Latin, Greek, Slavonic, and Celtic, the Oriental languages of Persia and India. Previously to the dispersion of these languages, there was, of course, one common language, spoken by the common ancestors of our own race, and of the Greeks, the Romans, the Hindus and Persians—a language which was neither Greek, nor Latin, nor Persian, nor Sanskrit, but stood to all of them in a relation similar to that in which Latin stands to French, Italian, and Spanish; or Sanskrit to Bengali, Hindustani, and Marathi. It has also been proved that the various tribes who started from this central home to discover Europe in the North and India in the South carried away with them, not only a common language, but a common faith and a common mythology. These are facts which may be ignored but cannot be disputed, and the two sciences of Comparative Grammar and Comparative Mythology, though but of recent origin, rest on a foundation as sound and safe as that of any of the inductive sciences:—

The affinity [says Mr. Dasent] which exists in a mythological and philological point of view between the Aryan or Indo-European languages is now the first article of a literary creed, and the man who denies it puts himself as much beyond the pale of argument as he who, in a religious discussion, should meet a grave divine of the Church of England with the strict contradictory of her first article, and loudly declare his conviction that there was no God.

And again:—

We all came, Greek, Latin, Celt, Teuton, Slavonian, from the East, as kith and kin, leaving kith and kin behind us, and after thousands of years, the language and traditions of those who went East and those who went West bear such an affinity to each other as to have established, beyond discussion or dispute, the fact of their descent from a common stock.

But now we go beyond this. Not only do we find the same words and the same terminations in Sanskrit and Gothic; not only do we find the same names for Zeus and many other deities in Sanskrit, Latin, and German; not only is the abstract name for God the same in India, Greece, and Italy; but these very stories—these Märchen, which nurses still tell, with almost the same words, in the Thuringian forest and in the Norwegian villages, and to which crowds of children listen under the pipal trees of India—these stories, too, belonged to the common heirloom of the Indo-European race, and their origin carries us back to the same distant past, when no Greek had set foot in Europe, no Hindu had bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges. No doubt this sounds strange, and it requires a certain limitation. We do not mean to say that the old nurse who rocked on her mighty knees the two ancestors of the Indian and the German races, told each of them the story of Snow-white and Rosy-red, exactly as we read it in the Tales from the Norse, and that these told it to their children, and thus it was handed down to our own times. It is true indeed—and a comparison of our Norwegian Tales with the Märchen collected by the Grimms in Germany shows it most clearly—that the memory of a nation clings to its popular stories with a marvellous tenacity. For more than a thousand years the Scandinavian inhabitants of Norway have been separated in language from their Teutonic brethren on the Continent, and yet both have not only preserved the same stock of popular stories, but they tell them in several instances in almost the same words. It is a much more startling supposition—or, we should say, a much more startling fact—that those Aryan boys, the ancestors of the Hindus, Romans, Greeks, and Germans, should have preserved the ancient words from one to ten, and that these dry words should have been handed down to our own schoolboy days, in several instances, without the change of a single letter. Thus 2 in English is still *two*, in Hindustani *do*, in Persian *du*, in French *deux*; 3 is still *three* in English, and *trye* in Lithuanian; 9 is still *nine* in English, and *nuk* in Persian. Surely it was not less difficult to remember these and thousands of other words than to remember the pretty stories of Snow-white and Rosy-red. For the present, however, all we want to

prove is that the elements or the seeds of these fairy tales belong to the period that preceded the dispersion of the Aryan race—that the same people who, in their migrations to the North and the South carried along with them the names of the Sun and the Dawn, and their belief in the bright gods of Heaven, possessed in their very language, in their mythological and proverbial phraseology, the more or less developed germs that were sure to grow up into the same plants on every soil and under every sky.

This is a subject which requires the most delicate handling, and the most careful analysis. Before we attempt to compare the popular stories, as they are found in India and Europe at the present day, and to trace them to a common source, we have to answer one very important question—Was there no channel through which some of them can have flowed from India to Europe, or from Europe to India, at a later time? We have to take the same precaution in comparative philology with regard to words. Besides the words which Greek and Latin share in common because they are both derived from one common source, there is a class of words which Latin took over from Greek ready-made. These are called foreign words, and they form a considerable element, particularly in modern languages. The question is whether the same does not apply to some of our common Indo-European stories. How is it that some of Lafontaine's fables should be identically the same as those which we find in two collections of fables in Sanskrit, the Panchatantra and the Hitopadesa? This is a question which, many years ago, has been most fully treated in one of the most learned and most brilliant essays of Sylvestre de Sacy. He there proves that, about 570 after Christ, a Sanskrit work which contained these very fables was brought to the court of the Persian King, Khosru Nushirvan, and translated into ancient Persian, or Pehlevi. The Kings of Persia preserved this book as a treasure till their kingdom was conquered by the Arabs. A hundred years later, the book was discovered and translated into Arabic by Almocaffa, about 770 after Christ. It then passed through the hands of several Arabic poets, and was afterwards retranslated into Persian—first into verse, by Rudaki, in the tenth century, then into prose, by Nasrallah, in the twelfth. The most famous version, however, appeared towards the end of the fifteenth century, under the name of *Anvari Suhaili*, by Husain Vaiz. Now, as early as the eleventh century the Arabic work of Almocaffa, called *Calila Dimna*, was translated into Greek by Simeon. The Greek text and a Latin version have been published, under the title of *Sapientia Indorum Veterum*, by Starkius, Berlin, 1697. This work passed into Italian. Again the Arabic text was translated into Hebrew by Rabbi Joel; and this Hebrew translation became the principal source of the European books of fables. Before the end of the fifteenth century, John of Capua had published his famous Latin translation, *Directorium humane vite, alias, parabola antiquorum sapientum*. In his preface, he states that this book was called *Belile et Dimne*—that it was originally in the language of India, then translated into Persian, afterwards into Arabic, then into Hebrew, and lastly by himself into Latin. This work, to judge from the numerous German, Italian, Spanish, and French translations, must have been extremely popular all over Europe in the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century a new stream of Oriental fables reached the literary world of Europe, through a translation of the *Anvari Suhaili* (the Persian *Calila Dimna*), into French, by David Sahid d'Ispahan. This work was called *Le Livre des Lumières, ou la conduite des rois, composé par le sage Bilpay, Indien*. It afterwards went by the name of *Les Fables de Pilpay*. This was the book from which Lafontaine borrowed the subjects of his later fables. An excellent English translation, we may here state, of the *Anvari Suhaili* has lately been published by Professor Eastwick.

The migration of these fables from India to Europe is a matter of history, and has to be taken into account, before we refer the coincidences between the popular stories of India and Norway to that much earlier intercourse of the ancestors of the Indo-European races of which we have spoken before. Mr. Dasent is so great an admirer of Grimm that he has hardly done justice to the researches of Sylvestre de Sacy. He says:—

That all the thousand shades of resemblance and affinity which gleam and flicker through the whole body of popular tradition in the Aryan race, as the Aurora plays and flashes in countless rays athwart the Northern heavens, should be the result of mere servile copying of one tribe's traditions by another, is a supposition as absurd as that of those good country-folk, who, when they see an Aurora, fancy it must be a great fire, the work of some incendiary, and send off the parish engine to put it out. No! when we find in such a story as the Master Thief traits which are to be found in the Sanskrit Hitopadesa, and which are also to be found in the story of Ramepsinitus in Herodotus, which are also to be found in German, Italian, and Flemish popular tales, but told in all with such variations of character and detail, and such adaptation to time and place, as evidently show the original working of the national consciousness upon a stock of tradition common to all the race, but belonging to no tribe of that race in particular, and when we find this occurring not in one tale, but in twenty, we are forced to abandon the theory of such universal copying, for fear lest we should fall into a greater difficulty than that for which we were striving to account.

The instance which Mr. Dasent has here chosen to illustrate his theory does seem to us inconclusive. The story of the Master Thief is told in the Hitopadesa. A Brahman, who had vowed a sacrifice, went to the market to buy a goat. Three thieves saw him, and wanted to get hold of the goat. They stationed themselves at intervals on the high road. When the Brahman, who carried the goat on his back, approached the first



thief, the thief said, "Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?" The Brahman replied: "It is not a dog, it is a goat." A little while after, he was accosted by the second thief, who said, "Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?" The Brahman felt perplexed, put the goat down, examined it, and walked on. Soon after he was stopped by the third thief, who said, "Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?" Then the Brahman was frightened, threw down the goat, and walked home to perform his ablutions for having touched an unclean animal. The thieves took the goat and ate it. The gist of the story is that a man will believe almost anything if he is told the same by three different people. The Indian story, with slight variations, is told in the Arabic translation, the *Calila and Dimna*. It was known through the Greek translation at Constantinople, at least at the beginning of the Crusades, and was spread all over Europe, in the Latin of the *Directorium humane vite*. The Norwegian story of the Master Thief is not a translation, such as we find in the *Filosofia morale*, nor an adaptation, such as a similar story in the *Facétieuses Nuits de Straparole*. But the keynote of the story is the same.

This keynote might have been caught up by any Norman sailor, or any Northern traveller or student, of whom there were many in the middle ages who visited the principal seats of learning in Europe. And, that keynote given, nothing was easier than to invent the three variations which we find in the Norse Master Thief. If the same story, as Mr. Dasent says, occurred in Herodotus, the case would be different. At the time of Herodotus the translations of the *Hitopadesa* had not yet reached Europe, and we should be obliged to include the Master Thief within the most primitive stock of Aryan lore. But there is nothing in the story of the two sons of the architect who robbed the treasury of Rampsinitus which turns on the trick of the Master Thief. There were thieves more or less clever, in Egypt as well as in India, and some of their stratagems were possibly the same at all times. But there is a keen and well-defined humour in the story of the Brahmin and his deference to public opinion. Of this there is no trace in the anecdote told by Herodotus. That anecdote deals with mere matters of fact, whether imaginary or historical. The story of Rampsinitus did enter into the popular literature of Europe, but through a different channel. We find it in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where Octavianus has taken the place of Rampsinitus, and we can hardly doubt that there it came originally from Herodotus. There are other stories in the *Gesta Romanorum* which are borrowed directly from the *Hitopadesa* and its translations. We need only mention that of Prince Llewellyn and his hound Gellert, which Mr. Dasent would likewise refer to the period previous to the dispersion of the Aryan race, but which reached Europe by a much shorter route.

But if in these special instances we differ from Mr. Dasent, we fully agree with him in the main. There are stories, common to the different branches of the Aryan stock, which could not have travelled from India to Europe at so late a time as that of Nushirvan. They are ancient Aryan stories, older than the Panchatantra, older than the Odyssey, older than the dispersion of the Aryan race. We can only mention one or two instances.

In the Panchatantra there is the story of the King who asked his pet monkey to watch over him while he was asleep. A bee settled on the King's head, the monkey could not drive her away, so he took his sword, killed the bee, and in killing her killed the King. A very similar parable is put into the mouth of Buddha. A bald carpenter was attacked by a musquito. He called his son to drive it away. The son took the axe, aimed a blow at the insect, but split his father's head in two, and killed him. This fable reached Lafontaine through the *Anvari Suhaili*, and appears in the French as the Bear and the Gardener. But the same fable had reached Europe at a much earlier time, and, though the moral has been altered, it can hardly be doubted that the fable in Phædrus of the bald man who in trying to kill a gnat gives himself a severe blow in the face, came originally from the East. There may have been some direct communication, and Æsop of old may have done very much the same as Khosru Nushirvan did at a later time. But it is more likely that there was some old Aryan proverb, some homely saw, such as "Protect us from our friends," or "Think of the King and the Bee." Such a saying would call for explanation, and stories would readily be told to explain it. There is in our Norwegian Tales a passage very much to the same effect:—

A man saw a Goody hard at work banging her husband across the head with a beetle, and over his head she had drawn a shirt without any slit for the neck.

"Why, Goody!" he asked, "will you beat your husband to death?"

"No," she said, "I only must have a hole in this shirt for his neck to come through."

The story of the Donkey in the Lion's skin was known as a proverb to Plato. It exists as a fable in the *Hitopadesa*, "The Donkey in the Tiger's skin." Many of the most striking traits of animal life which are familiar to us from Phædrus, are used for similar purposes in the *Hitopadesa*. The mouse delivering her friends by gnawing the net, the turtle flying and dying, the tiger or fox as pious hermits, the serpent as king, or friend of the frogs—all these are elements common to the early fabulists of Greece and India. One of the earliest Roman apologies, "the dispute between the Belly and the other members of the body," was told in India long before it was told by Menenius

Agrippa at Rome. Several collections of fables have just been discovered in Chinese by M. Stanislas Julien, and will soon be published in a French translation.

With regard to the ancient Aryan fables, which are common to all the members of the Aryan family, it has been said that there is something so natural in most of them, that they might well have been invented more than once. This is a sneaking argument, but nevertheless it has a certain weight. It does not apply, however, to our fairy tales. They surely cannot be called natural. They are full of the most unnatural conceptions—of monsters such as no human eye has ever seen. Of many of them we know for certain that they were not invented at all, but that they are the *detritus* of ancient mythology, half-forgotten, misunderstood, and reconstructed. Mr. Dasent has traced the gradual transition of myth into story in the case of the Wild Huntsman, who was originally the German god Odin. He might have traced the last fibres of "Odin, the hunter, back to Indra, the god of Storms, in the Veda; and lower even than the "Grand Veneur" in the Forest of Fontainebleau, he might have dodged the Hellequin of France to the very Harlequin of our Christmas Pantomimes. William Tell, the good archer, whose mythological character Mr. Dasent has established beyond contradiction, is the last reflection of the Sun-god, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses. Their darts are unerring. They hit the apple, or any other point; and they destroy their enemies with the same bow with which they have hit the mark. The countless stories of all the princesses and snow-white ladies who were kept in dark prisons, and were invariably delivered by a young bright hero, can all be traced back to mythological traditions about the Spring being released from the bonds of Winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the Night, the Dawn being brought back from the far west, the Waters being set free from the prison of the Clouds. In the songs of the Veda, where the Powers of Nature have hardly assumed as yet their fixed divine personality, we read over and over again of the treasures which the God of Light recovers from the dark clouds. These treasures are the Waters, conquered after a fierce thunderstorm. Sometimes these Waters are called the cows, which the robbers had hidden in caves—sometimes, the wives of the gods (*devapatni*), who had become the wives of the fiend (*dāsapatni*). Their imprisonment is called a curse; and when they are delivered from it, Indra is praised for having destroyed "the seven castles of the autumn." In the Veda the thief or the fiend is called the serpent with seven heads.

Every one of these expressions may be traced in the German Märchen. The loves and feuds of the Powers of Nature, after they had been told, first of gods, then of heroes, appear in the tales of the people as the flirting and teasing of fairies and imps. Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the gods, forgotten. But the stories told of them would not die, and in spite of the excommunications of the priests they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell the pretty stories of old if it was only to keep their little folk quiet. They did not tell them of the gods; for those gods were dead, or worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; ay, sometimes they would tell them of the very saints and martyrs, and the apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged by right to Odin and other heathen gods. The oddest figure is that of the Devil in his half-Christian and half-heathen garb. The Aryan nations had no Devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage; and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess, Heli, too—like Proserpina—had once seen better days. Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real Devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in the most good-humoured manner. They ascribed to him all the mischievous tricks of their most mischievous gods. But while the old Northern story-tellers delighted in the success of cunning, the new generation felt in duty bound to represent the Devil in the end as always defeated. He was outwitted in all the tricks which had formerly proved successful, and thus quite a new character was produced—the poor or stupid Devil, who appears not unfrequently in the German and in Norwegian tales.

All this Mr. Dasent has described very tersely and graphically in his Introduction, and we recommend the readers of his tales not to treat that Introduction as most introductions are treated. We should particularly recommend to the attention of those who have leisure to devote to such subjects, what Mr. Dasent says at the close of his Essay:—

Enough has been said, at least, to prove that even nursery tales may have a science of their own, and to show how the old Nornir and divine spinners can revenge themselves if their old wives' tales are insulted and attacked. The inquiry itself might be almost indefinitely prolonged, for this is a journey where each turn of the road brings out a new point of view, and the longer we linger on our path the longer we find something fresh to see. Popular mythology is a virgin mine, and its ore, so far from being exhausted or worked out, has here, in England at least, been scarcely touched. It may, indeed, be dreaded lest the time for collecting such English traditions is not past and gone; whether the steam-engine and printing-press have not played their great work of enlightenment too well; and whether the popular tales, of which, no doubt, the land was once full, have not faded away before those great inventions, as the race of giants waned before the might of Odin and the Æsir. Still the example of this very Norway, which at one time

was thought, even by her own sons, to have few tales of her own, and now has been found to have them so fresh and full, may serve as a warning not to abandon a search, which, indeed, can scarcely be said to have been ever begun; and to suggest a doubt whether the ill success which may have attended this or that particular attempt, may not have been from the fault rather of the seekers after traditions, than from the want of the traditions themselves. In point of fact, it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to gather such tales in any country, as those who have collected them most successfully will be the first to confess. It is hard to make old and feeble women, who generally are the depositaries of these national treasures, believe that the inquirer can have any real interest in the matter. They fear that the question is only put to turn them into ridicule; for the popular mind is a sensitive plant; it becomes coy, and closes its leaves at the first rude touch; and when once shut, it is hard to make these aged lips reveal the secrets of the memory. There they remain, however, forming part of an under-current of tradition, of which the educated classes, through whose minds flows the bright upper-current of faith, are apt to forget the very existence. Things out of sight, and therefore out of mind. Now and then a wave of chance tosses them to the surface from those hidden depths, and all her Majesty's inspectors of schools are shocked at the wild shapes which still haunt the minds of the great mass of the community. It cannot be said that the English are not a superstitious people. Here we have gone on for more than a hundred years proclaiming our opinion that the belief in witches, and wizards, and ghosts, and fetiches, was extinct throughout the land. Ministers of all denominations have preached them down, and philosophers convinced all the world of the absurdity of such vain superstitions; and yet it has been reserved for another learned profession, the Law, to produce in one trial at the Staffordshire Assizes, a year or two ago, such a host of witnesses who firmly believed in witchcraft, and swore to their belief in spectre dogs and wizards, as to show that, in the Midland Counties at least, such traditions are anything but extinct. If so much of the bad has been spared by steam, by natural philosophy, and by the Church, let us hope that some of the good may still linger along with it, and that an English Grimm may yet arise who may carry out what Mr. Chambers has so well begun in Scotland, and discover in the mouth of an Anglo-Saxon Gammer Grethel some, at least, of those popular tales which England once had in common with all the Aryan race.

#### M. LOUIS BLANC'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

IT is as difficult to discuss the French Revolution with M. Louis Blanc as it might have been for a tolerant Protestant in the seventeenth century to come to an understanding with a Spanish Dominican on the history and merits of the Inquisition. Benevolent, candid, and liberal within the limits of his own creed, the Jacobin historian scarcely attempts to conceal the impenetrable conviction which excludes his intellect and his sympathies from all relation with the non-revolutionary universe. Detesting the *fusillades* of Lyons and the *noyades* of Nantes as unnecessary cruelties perpetrated by the personal enemies of his hero, he condemns, in the daily operation of the guillotine, only the errors and excesses of a murderous ferocity which to ordinary minds appears chiefly odious on account of its chronic and deliberate regularity. The characteristics of sectarian bigotry have seldom exhibited themselves with the same familiar prominence in a secular partisan; for, like the ordinary theological fanatic, his political antitype cherishes all the superfluous mythology of his faith as zealously as the central doctrines of Equality, of Terror, and of economical chaos. The brawling charlatans of the Revolution having thought fit to substitute Pitt for Satan in their philosophy, M. Louis Blanc accepts and reproduces as a transcendental truth the assertion that all the follies and crimes of the Reign of Terror were aggravated by the corrupt influence of the English Minister. Vergniaud and his confederates incessantly directed the accusation against the Mountain, and when the Girondins became unpopular, their own connexion with the foreign author of evil required no additional demonstration. "Oh Pitt!" said Camille Desmoulins, in the first number of his *Vieux Cordelier*, "*Oh Pitt! je rends hommage à ton génie*;" and when the Jacobins were subsequently discussing the backslidings of Camille himself, Robespierre endeavoured to divert their attention to the atrocities of the hated English Government. On the publication of the former parts of his work, M. Louis Blanc has been challenged to produce the evidence of assertions which are not so much calumnious as absurd. In time of war, statesmen are justified in profiting by the baseness and corruption of traitors, and in embarrassing the enemy by fiscal and financial difficulties; but the Secret Service money would have been wasted in promoting anarchy among a society of cut-throats, and Pitt understood economical science too well to anticipate, by measures of his own, the inevitable failure of the Revolutionary paper-money. Of his interference in the internal contests of the dominant party M. Louis Blanc never attempts to supply the fragment of a proof; yet he is not ashamed to attribute to Mr. Pitt the more or less apocryphal menaces of assassination which disturbed the last days of Robespierre with merited alarm. Of a certain Report to this effect by Barrère—perhaps the most notable liar of ancient or modern times—the historian considerably observes, "Outre que les couleurs en étaient chargées, on y imputait fort injustement à la nation anglaise les torts d'un gouvernement qui la trompait," &c. In other words, the Minister suborned assassins, though his proceedings were not unanimously sanctioned by his countrymen. The punishment of the imaginary crime seems, even in democratic eyes, severe and objectionable. "Ce fut un sauvage et affreux décret que celui qui servit de conclusion à ces declamations haineuses. La Convention Nationale décrète: 'Il ne sera fait aucun prisonnier anglais ou hanoverien.'" A year ago Englishmen heard with astonishment

that they were held responsible for the criminal attempt of Orsini, but it may be doubted whether they would be less liable to insulting suspicions if the heir of Napoleon were supplanted by the faithful votaries of Robespierre. M. Louis Blanc has the means of learning that Mr. Pitt and his colleagues were incapable of assassination, and the Grenville Papers might satisfy him that, as late as 1792, the English Government, with all its dislike to the Revolution, had never contemplated the possibility of a rupture. It is difficult to understand how the most orthodox Jacobin can regard the subsequent occupation of Toulon as inconsistent with the strict proprieties of war. The insinuation that the English Government intended to retain the post as a conquest of its own derives no shadow of support from the refusal to supersede the military authorities by acknowledging the regency of one of the Princes of the Blood. Mr. Pitt from the first disclaimed all intention of imposing a government on France, and it would have been absurd to encumber auxiliary troops with the presence of a Pretender. M. Louis Blanc never expresses any personal animosity to England, but he repeats with unhesitating faith all the spiteful formulas which belonged to the Anglophobia of seventy years ago.

In the midst of inexhaustible controversies, all the historians of the Reign of Terror substantially confirm one another, whether they regard the atrocities of the time with sympathy, with regret, or with detestation. An observant traveller has remarked that the distinctive characteristic of the savage consists in the incessant and predominating consciousness of fear, and for nearly two years Paris and France were evidently possessed by a delirious panic. Neither M. Louis Blanc nor any previous apologist has explained the relation of the guillotine to the frontier war which was carried on, with varied success, against a half-hearted and disunited coalition. The perils of the country or of the Revolutionary Government were not inconsiderable, and at the time they were of course exaggerated through ignorance of the real policy of Austria and Prussia; but it would seem that the foreigner might have been as effectually repelled if domestic assassination had never been organized into a public institution. The Revolution, by interrupting all peaceable occupations, had for the moment enormously increased the warlike resources of a country which has always claimed to regard itself as the first military Power in Europe. In the first campaign, Dumouriez and Danton had no difficulty in negotiating the retreat of Brunswick, and the Prussian Generals were afterwards only anxious to impede the Austrian operations, and to prepare for the pacification which was soon after concluded at Basle. The coalition was neither the first on record nor the most formidable. In the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great held France, Austria, and Russia at bay without finding it necessary to execute his own subjects at the rate of fifty a day. In 1782, with the American revolt on her hands, and the French and Spanish fleets blockading Gibraltar, England found herself engaged in actual hostilities with Holland, and on the verge of a rupture with Russia, Prussia, and Sweden; but neither George III. nor Lord North ever thought of meeting the danger by procuring power from Parliament to erect a permanent gallows at Charing Cross. The bloodthirsty cowardice which culminated in the prison massacre of September, may be traced in all the crimes of the Gironde and of the Mountain, and more especially in the conscious, cold-blooded, selfish malignity of the virtuous Robespierre. M. Louis Blanc asserts that the leader of the Jacobins censured the cruelties of his rivals, and declares that he had resolved to exact a severe account from Fouché, from Tallien, from Carrier, and from Collot d'Herbois. There is, indeed, much reason to suppose that Robespierre meditated the destruction of any associate, accomplice, or opponent who was sufficiently conspicuous for the guillotine. The conspirators of Thermidor were exclusively influenced by a desire to save their own lives, and under the circumstances the "national razor" and the Revolutionary Tribunal could hardly fail to perform a considerable service to mankind. If Tallien and Billaud Varennes had fallen, the world would have been well rid of two monsters of iniquity; and the same happy result was achieved when the blade fell on Robespierre and St. Just. Whatever might be the intention of the leaders, the success of the malcontents of Thermidor practically terminated that Reign of Terror which had recently been aggravated by Robespierre and his allies. The last daily batch of victims was on its way to the place of execution during the decisive struggle between the Jacobins and the Convention; and a Parisian mob, inclining, by an unprecedented caprice, to the side of humanity, was prevented by Robespierre's satellite, Henriot, from interrupting the progress of the massacre.

M. Louis Blanc has not succeeded in discovering any public protest of his hero against the outrages of Nantes or of Lyons, but he justly boasts of the successful revenge which he carried out against Hébert and the other cynics of the Terror. All benevolent minds must regard with complacent satisfaction the execution of these miscreants. They had menaced and murdered their unoffending countrymen with impunity, until, at the Cordeliers, they imprudently proclaimed an insurrection against the Jacobin Government; but the Convention which had welcomed their Goddess of Reason and sanctioned their anarchical cruelties had lost the right to censure their crimes, when by a happy inconsistency it determined to kill them. As soon as the ultras on the revolutionary side were disposed of, it became necessary to maintain republican orthodoxy by shortening the bed of Procrustes at

\* *Histoire de la Révolution Française.* Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome dixième.



the other end, where it was occupied by Danton and Camille Desmoulins. M. Louis Blanc gravely argues that Robespierre might have been accused of *moderantisme* if he had confined his severities to a faction which had at least the merit of being opposed to royalism. Moreover, he was over-persuaded by the sour and treacherous fanatic St. Just, and when there was a question of cutting off heads, the rigid obstinacy of Robespierre was always liable to be supplanted by an amiable weakness. The mean nature of the man is curiously illustrated by his contributions to the evidence which was to help his former accomplice to the guillotine. While St. Just was inventing substantial charges of treason against his enemy, Robespierre swelled out the brief by reminiscences of confidential conversations held in the days of their friendship. Danton had on one occasion declared that public opinion was moonshine, and at another time he had indulged in some ill-natured gossip at the expense of Camille Desmoulins. The Jacobin prophet, who had never made nor understood a joke in his life, was scandalized at the faithlessness which could laugh at a friend whom he, for his own part, was only preparing to murder.

The apologist finds some difficulty in explaining away the famous law of Prairial, by which his hero and the amiable Couthon provided for the more rapid operation of the hateful Revolutionary Tribunal. Evidence was no longer to be required, all the forms of justice were suspended, and prisoners were to be deprived of the services of advocates. The vile hypocrisy of the coarse assassins who had got possession of the Government of France is admirably exemplified by their pretence that one of their objects in the change consisted in protecting the pockets of their victims. The most scandalous extortion, said Couthon, had been practised upon prisoners, so that they had sometimes to pay no less than six pounds for the defence of their lives. Could a paternal Government do better than in saving, by one and the same regulation, an oppressive expense to its enemies and considerable trouble to itself? During all the discussions of the period Robespierre steadily repeated his raven cry, that mercy was for the innocent, the virtuous, and not for criminals or conspirators. His admiring historian must be well aware that it was impossible to refuse in plainer language protection or pity to those who alone required it. It is possible that, as M. Louis Blanc conjectures, the law of Prairial was intended to facilitate the destruction of the majority of the two reigning Committees. Robespierre himself, though the narrowest, the shallowest, and the bitterest of persecutors, must have felt that a system founded on incessant judicial murders could never be safe or permanent; but, in common with almost all his confederates and opponents, he was utterly devoid of the statesmanlike ability which governs by authority, by persuasion, and by influence. He had risen and thriven by killing off all who were more moderate than himself; and in one instance he had even ventured to apply the same panacea to the Hébertist excesses of patriotism. When Collot and Billaud and Tallien interfered with his further designs, the barren brain of the arch-Jacobin suggested no mode of subverting their power except the familiar argument of the guillotine. He had killed the King and the Queen, the Ministers of Louis XVI. and of the Republic, the Girondists and the Dantonists, Malesherbes, Madame Elizabeth, Chaumette, and Anacharsis Clootz; and he might perhaps have died happier if Tallien and Fouché had been deservedly added to the bloody list; but there is no reason to suppose that he saw his way to any moderate or rational system of administration. It is well that Robespierre has been fully heard through a counsel, who has carefully investigated all the evidence which could be urged in his favour. All M. Louis Blanc's researches have failed to supply him with a single proof that Robespierre was innocent of the crimes which have been habitually laid to his charge, or to confirm the suggestion that he had even contemplated the discontinuance of the Terror, as he certainly never attempted it. It is possible that his influence in the Committee of Public Safety may have been exaggerated in popular belief, but in the Convention and in the Jacobin Club, Robespierre exercised the power of a dictator. A friend to his memory should rather attribute his crimes to a perverted enthusiasm than allow that he was content, for the sake of power, to tolerate cruelties which he saw in their undisguised atrocity.

The silliness which may be associated with gigantic crimes can only be fully appreciated in the Robespierrian festival of the Supreme Being. It must be remembered that M. Louis Blanc, in his admiring record of the scene, is writing with the theatrical sympathies of a Frenchman, and that he is not addressing English readers. The great prophet of the new religion was intoxicated with enthusiasm as he gazed on the preparations for the ceremony. "The world," he said, "is assembled here. Oh Nature, how sublime and delicious is thy power! How tyrants should grow pale at the idea of this festival!" The world was the Paris mob, Nature the Tuileries Gardens judiciously draped, and in the centre of the picture was the guillotine enjoying an unaccustomed holiday, and gracefully covered with ornamental hangings. How David had set up pasteboard statues of Anarchy and Atheism for Robespierre to burn—how the statue of Justice got smoked in the process of consuming the hostile images—the complacent conceit of the chief priest, the mixed enthusiasm and contempt of the audience—all is described by a great master of satirical painting in Mr. Carlyle's History, and reported with simple faith in M. Louis Blanc's copious pages. The guillotine

and the feast of the Supreme Being have long since passed away, but their counterparts remain in the political and ecclesiastical despotism which still oppresses Europe. It is as the adversary of Chaumette's Goddess and of Robespierre's God that the Romish Church receives the support of Continental governments; and the King of Naples is enabled almost to rival the crimes of the Committee of Public Safety because legitimate monarchy is thought to be the opposite of the Reign of Terror.

#### BLAKESLEY'S ALGERIA.\*

MR. BLAKESLEY, whose powers of topographical description have been often made known to the public by his letters to the *Times*, under the signature of the Hertfordshire Incumbent, was driven by ill-health to seek change of climate during last winter in Algeria. He employed his time in surveying the country, and in forming opinions on its condition and its inhabitants. A large portion of his volume is merely topographical, and although it is thus made a most useful handbook for those who intend to explore the country, it is not very interesting to general readers. The chief impression that we gather is, that Algeria has so even a balance of physical advantages and disadvantages that it would be difficult to pronounce beforehand whether it is fit or not for the settlement of an European colony. Its disadvantages are chiefly two. It is exposed to the influences of a malaria which breeds a chronic fever that lays hold on all new comers, and repeats its visits so frequently as seriously to impair bodily strength, if it does not terminate life; and secondly, the soil is such that good roads are almost impossible. There is no stone, and the roads, made necessarily of soft material, are washed away periodically by the heavy rains. Both these evils may certainly be remedied by a prodigious expenditure of capital; and the fertile portions of the country are so amazingly productive, that if communications with the sea coast could be assured, and a sufficiency of labour were at hand, there might be something like a return for what must be laid out. But it is not safe to reckon on the capital being invested. The French are not the real colonists of the country. They live in the towns on the seashore, and new comers for a time make the rural districts their home. But they have no real taste for the life. They get on badly with the natives, and they pine for France. The result is, that they soon abandon their *concessions* to tenants. There is a large population of different races, chiefly Spanish, ready to take their places, and the tendency of the colony is now clearly towards a class of virtual proprietors of a very mixed and fluctuating nature, who will pay a fixed rental to absentee French *concessionnaires*. In return, the French will construct some public works, and keep up a large military force. The national pride, and the advantage of a campaigning ground where the French army may be inured to fatigues and hardships, will prevent the colony being abandoned. But that the cost of governing will ever be repaid by the receipts can scarcely be said to be within the limits of probability.

We prefer noticing a few isolated points of interest in this volume to following Mr. Blakesley through the topography of Algiers, which can only be intelligible and profitable when an accurate map is continually consulted. And first as to the natives. Of these the Kabyles are the most worth mentioning. They are the aborigines of the country, and are substantially the same people whom the Greeks found in Africa nearly three thousand years ago, and who were described, as some of them are at this day, by a name that in a Greek mouth became the word "barbarous." They exist in their purest state in those parts of the country which are most inaccessible, and which afford the best refuge from the conquering races which, one after another, have overspread the north of Africa. The characteristics of the race appeared to Mr. Blakesley to resemble greatly those of the Swiss. They are brave, hardy, vindictive, utterly fearless of death, and above all things jealous of their independence. On any special emergency each village assembles and selects a representative; but for ordinary purposes they submit implicitly to the authority of their marabouts, who alone know the Arabic language, in which the book of their religion is written, for they are Mahometans. Many of the Kabyles adopt the profession of mercenary soldiers. A great number of them were in the service of the Emperor of Morocco, and at the time of the French invasion many were perfectly ready to take service under them against the Arabs, for whom they entertain great contempt. The *Zouaves*—a name familiar in English mouths—although now without exception Europeans, were in their origin a force raised from a Kabyle tribe, the *Zouaoua*, which had never submitted to the Algerine domination, and readily joined the invader against the common enemy. Of the preceding races of conquerors before the French came, Mr. Blakesley does not say much, beyond describing the curious process by which the Moors passed into subjection under a narrow Turkish oligarchy, and dwelling on the magnificence, beauty, and stateliness of the houses of wealthy Moors now in ruins which are scattered over the country, and are found especially in the suburbs of Algiers.

The agency which plays the principal part in the government

\* *Four Months in Algeria, with a Visit to Carthage.* By the Rev. Joseph William Blakesley, Vicar of Ware, Herts, and sometime Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1852.

of the tribes is the Bureau Arab, originated by the sagacity of General Lamoricière. There is a principal office in every province at the seat of Government, with branches in the chief place of every circle. All questions between the native population which occur in military territory are brought primarily before this Bureau. Simple cases are decided at once; more difficult ones are referred to the kadis of the native tribes, or to a military tribunal. Apparently, the system works satisfactorily to the Arabs. And wherever the natives have to deal with the heads of the military power, and come under the regulations laid down by the many distinguished and humane men who have held high office in the African army, they are well treated. But Mr. Blakesley was surprised and shocked at the difference between the higher and the subaltern officers. The life of the latter is one that must be almost as dreary as it is useless and idle, and the want of the large ideas forced on men by the necessities of administration on a great scale tells of course in the conduct of the inferior officers towards the natives. Indeed, the conduct of the French who are in a position of small authority is quite brutal. Mr. Blakesley gives a description of the treatment of some Arabs by the captain of the vessel which took him from Tunis, which quite justifies him in heading his page "Ruffianism of French Sailors." Even the highest authorities, though agreeing in a sincere wish to protect and encourage the natives of all races, do not appear to have very distinct or permanent principles to regulate their conduct. Very lately, a kind of constitution has been given to Algeria, by which a sham independence and real dependence on the military authorities has been set up. Each province is to be insulated, and to have a separate Council, consisting partly of Europeans and partly of native notabilities. This is an abandonment of the system previously established by the efforts of the most enlightened men who had held African appointments—namely, that the natives ought to be ruled by the agency of their native institutions.

Mr. Blakesley bears an honest testimony to the evangelical labours and great success of the Roman Church in Algeria. "So far," he says, "as French power is consolidated in Northern Africa it is mainly due to the moral influence of the clergy." The efforts of the clergy in the last twenty years have been wonderful, and the name of the most energetic, M. Dupuch, the first Bishop, ought to be handed down to posterity in grateful remembrance of his zeal and Christian perseverance. In seven years' time the Bishop, almost entirely at his own cost and that of his friends, established forty-seven churches and chapels, and forty almshouses of hospitals, prisons, penitentiaries, and other institutions, which employed thirty-nine regular and three supernumerary priests, besides a large number of Sisters of Charity. Several orphan asylums were set on foot by him, and also a house of Trappists, which has not only distinguished itself by the successful cultivation of the soil, but by the collection of an important series of meteorological observations. The natives are affected to a visible degree by all that has been done for them, and especially by the hospitals, the service of which is, in many cases, performed by females of one or other of the religious orders, who exercise a powerful influence over the conquered race. Mr. Blakesley's description of one of those hospitals deserves to be read in full:—

I visited one of these—the civil hospital at Oran—and was exceedingly struck with the appearance of cleanliness, order, comfort, and even cheerfulness, which reigned throughout. The calm demeanour of the Sisters seemed to be felt like a sunbeam in the chambers of pain and death. There was no sourness of look, no parade of self-devotion, no expression of the least wish for anything but more ample space to enable them to receive all patients that offered. I talked of the unhealthiness of the summer season, when the wards would be full of fever-patients; but I could not elicit a word implying that they themselves would then be exposed to greater risk, or compelled to greater labour. The Apostle's exhortation to let works of mercy be done with cheerfulness came forcibly into my mind, when I thought of the conventional union in which the philanthropists of London platforms are wont to indulge. This hospital at Oran was the only instance I saw in all Algeria of attention to sanitary precautions even in the minutest details. At Algiers, indeed, the arrangements of the military hospital are considered very good. It occupies the site of a country palace of the Deys, about a mile outside the Bab-el-Oued, and considerable pains have been taken to secure cleanliness, good ventilation, and shade for the inmates; and a thermometer is placed in every ward.

Lambessa is a name that has so often sounded in the ears of the English public since the dreadful cruelties of last spring, alike disgraceful and disastrous to the Empire, that we turned with interest to see how the locality is described by so impartial an observer as Mr. Blakesley. The village and Penitentiary of Lambessa are situated on the northern flank of the Aurès, at a considerable distance above the sea level. The Penitentiary is a large ugly-looking stone building, three stories high—each, as well as the ground floor, being fitted up with solitary cells. During the day the prisoners work together without any particular check on them, and in their leisure hours they amuse themselves with draughts or cards. Mr. Blakesley thought them cheerful and healthy, and in no one instance did he observe any trace of former fever, such as is common among the colonists of the Algerine plain. This he attributes to the high elevation of the Penitentiary, and the ample water supply; and also to the regularity and temperance of diet. There were seventy-five political prisoners at the time of Mr. Blakesley's visit, and they were treated very well. They were allowed to buy wine, beer, or any other luxuries; and if they would submit to the authorities, they were allowed to walk within a radius of two leagues at their pleasure. One had his wife in the village, and the

authorities allowed her the same rations as her husband. Thus, when it is said that the victims of French despotism are sent to die in the marshes of Lambessa—a common phrase—we must accept this as, in some measure, a figure of speech, for Lambessa is healthy, and the prisoners are well treated. But it appears that some of the prisoners are sent to less healthy sites, and Lambessa must not be taken as a generic term for all Algerine exile. It is clear, however, that being sent to Lambessa is a different thing from being sent to Cayenne, where six months is a long life. The cruelty of the French Government consisted in tearing men perfectly innocent of any political opinions whatever, away from their families, hopes, duties, and ties, and sending them into exile, solitude, and hopeless inactivity. The cruelty was not, however, like that earlier cruelty when the victims of the *coup d'état* were sent to unavoidable death on the shores of Cayenne.

Mr. Blakesley's book abounds with proofs and triumphs of classical scholarship. He went to Carthage, and has made out everything Scipio did in the celebrated siege, as well as if he had been there at the time. He deciphered the meaning of many inscriptions, valueless except as showing the customs of Roman provincial life when Rome was decaying, and fixed the site of several ancient towns. The book is, indeed, full of information of all sorts; and, but that Mr. Blakesley's reputation as a scholar and a writer is too high to need commendation, we could have much to say in favour of the knowledge, readiness, calm sense, and thoughtful moderation which this volume displays.

#### THE LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.\*

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD begins his life of his father with a reference to Mr. Carlyle's dictum, that a well-written life is as uncommon as a well-spent one. He might advantageously have added the observation that it is either an impossibility or an act of impiety for a son to write his father's life as it ought to be written, if the interest of the book is to turn rather upon the character than upon the actions of the person described. No man is exempt from faults, and no man who is not an utter brute keeps the least amiable side of his character for his own household. It is one of the commonest of all fallacies to suppose that a man's personal and private relations are of necessity those which display his character in the truest light. His conduct towards, and opinions of, the world at large are quite as much part of his character as his behaviour towards his wife and children; and if he is dishonest, brutal, ignorant, and treacherous in public, it is no defence to a charge of dishonesty, brutality, and treachery, to show that in private life he was honest, courteous, and upright. A man must be estimated by his acts as well as by the impression which he leaves on the minds of his friends. It is the tendency of almost all modern popular literature to preach the opposite doctrine. Novelists and pictorial historians uniformly attempt to turn the minds of their readers away from what men do, and to fix them, as they say, upon what they are—in more correct language, upon that picture of them which the novelist or historian draws under the pressure of all the rules of artistic composition.

Mr. Jerrold's life of his father is constructed on this principle. It claims to be a picture, and not a history, and it is upon that understanding that it must be judged. It is no imputation upon the author to say that the portrait is of necessity flattering. He would probably admit that it could not be otherwise. There is, however, an excuse for the pictorial character of the book, which cannot be urged in favour of the majority of pictorial biographies. Mr. Douglas Jerrold never appears to have done anything which could form the subject of a history. The preface part of his life is told in a very few sentences. He was born in 1803. His father was manager to a company of strolling players. At the close of the war, he served for nearly two years as a midshipman, first in the *Namur* guard-ship, and afterwards in the *Ernest* gun-brig, which conveyed some of the wounded men home from Waterloo. He was then bound apprentice to a printer. He wrote plays and magazine articles, which attracted attention, and passed the rest of his life in similar occupations, gaining very considerable popularity. He was one of the original contributors to *Punch*, and continued to write in that paper till his death. He was also editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Journal*, and was engaged in a multitude of other enterprises of the same kind, which were more or less successful, but yielded him a steady, and during the latter part of his life a considerable income. He died on the 7th June, 1857, at the age of fifty-four.

To those who knew Mr. Jerrold only by his writings he appeared in as unamiable a light as can possibly be conceived. Indignation vexed him like a thing that was raw, and the fuel which kept his kettle boiling was entirely composed of thorns. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's book is a protest against this theory of his father's character. He tells us that he was anything but a cynic—that on the contrary, he was full of the warmest and keenest sensibility, that he was a most affectionate friend, a most ardent enthusiast for pure and holy causes—that he was generous, impulsive, and excitable in the highest degree, continuing to the end of his life to be a sort of impersonation of the character of the sailors to whose profession he had been attracted in his early boy-

\* *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold*. By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. London: Kent. 1859.



hood by a deep sympathy for their easy careless generosity and sensibility.

There are a few points in Mr. Jerrold's life which do not altogether bear out his son's eulogiums upon him. His conduct towards Mr. Leigh Hunt (p. 175) and Mr. Charles Kean (p. 184) would not seem to have been either very placable or very generous; but in the main Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's view of his father's character is probably fair enough. The remarkable point about it is, that it is not only entirely consistent with the impression which his writings produce, but enforces and explains it. A man who is totally unable to see the difference between an opinion and a sentiment—who has keen sympathies and antipathies, and is always at the mercy of them—who is always pouring out his mind upon every conceivable subject, and has nothing to pour except expressions of feeling, thrown into more or less grotesque shapes—is to those who do not agree with him an unamiable and unpleasant person; and if he happens to disagree with a large proportion of the world, that large proportion will naturally take the view of him which all but his personal friends appear to have taken of Mr. Jerrold. In fact, after reading his life, our disapproval—we might use a stronger word—of his political, and our dislike of his literary character, are rather increased than diminished.

Of his political opinions some critic, quoted with approbation by his son, has given the following remarkable account:—

The Radical literature of England, with few exceptions, was of a prosaic character. The most famous school of Radicalism is utilitarian and systematic. Douglas was emphatically neither. He was impulsive, epigrammatic, sentimental. He dashed gaily against an institution like a picador at a bull. He never sat down, like the regular workers of his party, to calculate the expenses of monarchy or the extravagance of the civil list. He had no notion of any sort of economy. I don't know that he had ever taken up political science seriously, or that he had any preference for one form of government over another. I repeat, his Radicalism was that of a humorist. He despised big wigs and pomp of all sorts, and above all humbug and formalism; but his Radicalism was important as a sign that our institutions are ceasing to be picturesque, of which, if you consider his nature, you will see that his Radicalism was a sign. And he did service to his cause.

We have sometimes been charged with speaking harshly of the political teaching of that small knot of writers to which Mr. Douglas Jerrold belonged. It is an accusation which can hardly be repeated in the face of such a passage as this. There is something perfectly marvellous in the insolence of the assumption on which it proceeds. That a man is justified in systematically attacking and deriding every institution of his country, both social and political, without any political opinions or any political knowledge, merely because to his eye they "are ceasing to be picturesque," is surely one of the most singular announcements that ever was made to the world. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in his usual stilted manner, observes, in addition to his friend's criticism, that his father "never cared to dabble in statistics proving the exact sum given away in sinecures—to weigh to a scruple the influence of the House of Lords in the House of Commons. He took broad patent facts, great indisputable wrongs, and drove sharp epigrams into the heart of them," &c. &c. We do not remember that we ever saw so complete an exemplification of the whole faith of what would be the most contemptible, if it were not one of the most dangerous, schools of modern politicians—the bastard Rousseaus of whom Mr. Dickens and Mr. Jerrold were the leaders. Their poetry is a sentimental growl about the virtues of the poor and the wickedness of the rich—their prose a "dabbling in statistics to prove the exact sum given away in sinecures." Mr. Jerrold's sensibility and Mr. Bright's veracity are considered by popular writers as adequate substitutes for knowledge of the history and respect for the institutions of England. There is a beggarly poverty, shallowness, and ignorance in Mr. Jerrold's conception of the country in which he lived, which is apparently universal in the school to which he belonged, and the spread of which we should regard as one of the greatest calamities that could befall the nation. That there is "nothing picturesque" in English society—that all its ordinary relations are matter either for idiotic laughter, for maudlin lamentations, or for the petty hunting of abuses which is better fitted for a Jew attorney than for a statesman—and that the discoverers and preachers of this new and improved gospel are the very salt of the earth, by whom all social improvements are to be effected—is the sort of creed which Mr. Blanchard Jerrold and other writers of his calibre seem disposed to profess, and to which the great popularity of several able men who were ignorant, febrile, and prejudiced, as well as able, first gave rise. Its impudence is only equalled by its folly. No institutions were ever picturesque when they were seen by contemporaries. If a man lay down on the grandest mountain in Switzerland with his face within a foot of the rock, he would see nothing worth seeing; and it is equally impossible for a man who takes his notion of England as it is from the daily papers, without any study of larger and more abiding records, to form any notion whatever of the majestic dignity with which history will assuredly invest the society in which we live—the freest, the most peaceful, the strongest, the least corrupt, and, in many respects, one of the happiest that ever existed in the world. To see nothing in all this but bigwigs, humbug, and formalism—to look with the eye of a mere humorist (and a very narrow and shallow humorist) upon the mainsprings of the greatest empire in the world—and to think himself perfectly entitled to express the most violent opinions on all its proceedings, without anything approaching to

a logical justification for the censures in which he indulged so freely—was Mr. Jerrold's daily occupation. Surely, it was not the part either of a wise or of a good man to do this.

One of the most instructive and characteristic features in Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's life of his father is its wonderful arrogance. He obviously thinks that to be a popular writer of light literature is to occupy one of the most important positions that any man can hold. He looks upon the small wit and dyspeptic satire which his father contributed to comic periodicals as being among the most important literary productions of the day. If he wrote a few ill-natured sentences about a maid-servant and her mistress, they are criticised in such phrases as this—"The purpose here is clear; and the war is, as ever, in behalf of the weak." So we are told that Mr. Jerrold's sarcasms "had the wild and deadly glitter of war rockets"—that there was "scorching satire" in what he had to say about bishops' incomes, and so on *ad infinitum*. It has always appeared to us, and the work before us has not changed our opinion, that the vanity of this way of thinking is only equalled by its absurd folly. No spectacle can be more contemptible than that of a group of comedians and melodramatists complimenting each other upon their gigantic powers and influence, until they really come to think that they are the principal agents in the great social changes which have marked the progress of the present generation—that they have only got to "dash at an institution like a picador at a bull," or to "scathe" or "scorch" it with their sarcasm to insure its downfall.

In justice to Mr. Jerrold we ought to say that, though he was a man of most unbalanced mind, and entirely at the mercy of feeling and impulse, his feelings were at times very healthy, and were frequently expressed in a very forcible and even pathetic manner. In a letter to Mr. Dickens there occurs the following remark, which is not only very true, but tender and pathetic:—

*Punch*, I believe, holds its course. Nevertheless I do not very cordially agree with its new spirit. I am convinced the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw about all things. After all life has something serious in it. It cannot be all a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write a comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a comic history of England, the drollery of Alfred, the fun of Sir Thomas More, the farce of his daughter begging the dead head and clasping it in her coffin on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy.

Mr. Dickens's answer is equally honourable to him:—

Anent the comic and similar comicities, I feel exactly as you do. Their effect upon me is very disagreeable. Such joking is like the sorrow of an undertaker's mute reversed, and is applied to serious things with the like propriety and force.

Unfortunately for both the correspondents, their notion of serious writing hardly went beyond sarcasm and sentimentality. They have done more in their respective lines to enervate their readers, and to throw discredit upon all the stronger faculties of the mind, than any other pair of English writers.

#### HODSON OF "HODSON'S HORSE."

INDIA has been justly called "the nurse of heroes." More than any other country it fosters, from its peculiar circumstances, the great qualities in a man—self-reliance, energy, and the spirit of responsible command. Often, too, it has imposed the task or privilege, which Cæsar tells us can come to but few, of not only doing remarkable deeds, but also describing them when done. For this the mere daily life in India is a sort of training. In India it appears to be pre-eminently the case that men, separated by vast distances from their families and early friends, acquire a habit of living a sort of second existence in letter-writing. This habit, commencing from the first impressions of novelty and vastness, and kept alive by the perpetual desire for home sympathy, has often been continued with daily regularity even amid the most harassing scenes of conflict and danger. Letters from India are above trivialities because they have to be sent so far, while they are sufficiently frequent not to be above details. They are generally tinged with the brisk energy of a varied life. They are usually most busied with external interests, and least with the writer's own mind, of any letters in the world, and they are therefore best fitted for being opened to the public. All these characteristics are possessed in an eminent degree by those extracts from the late Major Hodson's correspondence which have now been made to constitute the memorial of a noble and lamented soldier, and the self-told tale of his twelve years' service. And with regard to the selection of the letters, and the simple narrative which has been contributed to them as a setting, we can hardly overpraise the taste, the judgment, and the manly sense with which the editor has fulfilled his pious task. Widely different from most recent memoirs, this book, without once violating privacy, makes us know the man it describes; without praising him, it makes us think him admirable; and without a word of religious phraseology, it makes us feel that he was a Christian.

William S. R. Hodson was third son of the Archdeacon of

\* *Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India*. Being Extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hodson, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, Commandant of "Hodson's Horse." Including a Personal Narrative of the Siege of Delhi and Capture of the King and Princes. Edited by his Brother, the Rev. George H. Hodson, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Stafford and was born at Maisemore Court, near Gloucester, in 1821. He was a lively boy, and in his fifteenth year went to Rugby. Here he became distinguished among his contemporaries for feats of running. For the last two years of his school life he was in the form of Dr. Arnold, for whom he afterwards cherished feelings of great affection, and under whom he developed into a sort of model Rugbean of the *Tom Brown* stamp. The following picture of him is given by Dr. Cotton (now Bishop of Calcutta), into whose house he was transferred by Dr. Arnold, because likely, from his energetic character, to lend efficient aid as præceptor, in the management of the house:—

He gave abundant proof that Arnold's choice had been a wise one. Though he immediately re-established the shattered prestige of prepositorial power, he contrived to make himself very popular with various classes of boys. The younger ones found in him an efficient protector against bullying. Those of a more literary turn found in him an agreeable and intelligent companion, and were fond of being admitted to sit in his study and talk on matters of intellectual interest. The democrats had got their master, and submitted with a good grace to power which they could not resist, and which was judiciously and moderately exercised. The régime was wise, firm, and kind, and the house was happy and prosperous. From all that I knew of him, both at Rugby and afterwards, I was not surprised at the courage and coolness which the *Times* compared "to the spirit of a Paladin of old." I cannot say how much I regret that I shall not be welcomed in India by the first head of my dear old house at Rugby.

From Rugby, Hodson proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was very successful in athletic amusements and boating, but was prevented, by a tendency to headache, from studying very closely. This determined him to seek an active career in life. He took his degree in 1844, and, while waiting for a cadetship, served for a time in the Guernsey Militia, in which service he obtained the commendation of Major-General W. Napier, the Lieutenant-Governor. Having landed at Calcutta, in September, 1845, Hodson immediately went up the country to Agra, where he had the advantage of finding a connexion and friend in the Hon. James Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces. Within two months after his arrival he was plunged into the realities of war, and serving for the time with the 2nd Grenadiers, he went through the Sutlej campaign. He commenced his career with some hairbreadth escapes. He was knocked down, but left unhurt, by a shell which destroyed the men about him, and was in a similar way spared on the explosion of a mine. His face was grazed by the ball of a frightened Sepoy behind him. His martial instincts were thoroughly roused. He speaks of himself as "bursting into tears" in sheer rage in the midst of the fight at Sobraon, at seeing our soldiers lying killed and wounded; and when sixty days had witnessed the overthrow of the Sikh army, he felt discontented that the time of action should be so soon over. Not having been as yet appointed to any regiment, the campaign was of no advantage to him in point of promotion; but very soon after its conclusion, he was appointed to the 1st Fusiliers, and at the age of five-and-twenty found himself eighth second lieutenant. In age and attainments he was of course much superior to those of his own standing in the army, and this sort of anomaly has often been felt to be a serious disadvantage by men who have waited so as to take out with them to India the full results of an English University education. Such men have felt, on the one hand, the spirit of envy and disparagement excited against them—on the other, they have been conscious in themselves of aims and ideas higher than those of the society in which they were placed. But Hodson, while fully aware at first of the difficulty of his position, was saved from any ill consequences to his own mind by his simple course of conduct, by the active duties in which he became immediately absorbed, and by the happy fortune which gave him the acquaintance and then the friendship of older and eminent men. That he should have been, at the outset of his career, noticed, trusted, and employed, and treated on terms of confidential intimacy by the great and good Sir Henry (then Colonel) Lawrence, was an honour to both the men, and was a turning point in the destiny of Hodson.

No one ever had more serviceable qualities than Hodson, and India was sure to develop these. We find him in 1847 performing the functions of architect and master of the works to the "Lawrence Asylum" for the children of European soldiers, which was then being built at Subathoo among the hills. A little later he was employed in making "a good road from Lahore to the Sutlej, distance forty miles." In October, 1847, by the interest of his friend and patron, he was appointed second in command to the celebrated Guide Corps. Of the object of this corps Hodson himself gives the following account:—

The object is to train a body of men in peace to be efficient in war; to be not only acquainted with localities, roads, rivers, hills, ferries, and passes, but have a good idea of the produce and supplies available in any part of the country; to give accurate information, not running open-mouthed to say that ten thousand horsemen and a thousand guns are coming (in true native style), but to stop to see whether it may not really be only a common cart and a few wild horsemen who are kicking up all the dust; to call twenty-five by its right name, and not say fifty for short, as most natives do. This of course wants a great deal of careful instruction and attention. Beyond this, the officers should give a tolerably correct sketch and report of any country through which they may pass, be *au fait* at routes and means of feeding troops, and, above all (and here you come close upon political duties), keep an eye on the "doings of the neighbours" and the state of the country, so as to be able to give such information as may lead to any outbreak being nipped in the bud.

In performing the duties thus described Hodson rendered himself, as he was afterwards called, "the most wide-awake man in the army." He fully qualified himself for being placed at the

head of the Intelligence department, and for making its functions (as he did at the siege of Delhi) a reality, and a source of the most valuable information with regard to the movements of the enemy. Like that kindred spirit, the lamented Colonel Jacob, he acquired to himself the devoted affection of his troops. After a separation from his Guides, when he met them before Delhi, they overwhelmed him with the most frantic demonstrations of joy and welcome, the cry with which they greeted him being "Burra Serai-wallah," or Great in Battle. How well he earned for himself the latter title may be judged by the account he gives of a single combat with an Akhalee, or fanatic, during the Punjab campaign:—

One fine bold "Nibung" beat off four sowars one after another and kept them all at bay. I then went at him myself, fearing that he would kill one of them. He instantly rushed to meet me like a tiger, closed with me, yelling "Wah gooroo ji," and accompanying each shout with a terrific blow of his tulwar. I guarded the three or four first, but he pressed so close to my horse's rein that I could not get a fair cut in return. At length I pressed in my turn upon him so sharply that he missed his blow, and I caught his tulwar back-handed with my bridle hand, wrenched it from him, and cut him down with the right, having received no further injury than a severe cut across the fingers; I never beheld such desperation and fury in my life. It was not human scarcely.

As a pendant to this battle-piece we cannot help bringing forward the following portrait of Hodson drawn in a letter of one of his brother officers:—

He was the very perfection of a "free lance," and such an Intelligence officer! He used to know what the rebels had for dinner in Delhi. In a fight he was glorious. If there was only a good hard scrimmage he was as happy as a king; a beautiful swordsman, he never failed to kill his man; and the way he used to play with the most brave and furious of these rebels was perfect. I fancy I see him now, smiling, laughing, parrying most fearful blows as calmly as if were brushing off flies, calling out all the time, "Why, try again, now." "What's that?" "Do you call yourself a swordsman?" &c. The way that in a pursuit he used to manage his hog-spear was miraculous. It always seemed to me that he bore a charmed life, and so the enemy thought. His judgment was as great as his courage; and the heavier the fire, or the greater the difficulty, the more calm and reflecting he became.

In 1848 Hodson had a narrow escape. He was appointed by Sir F. Currie to accompany Mr. Agnew to Mooltan, and was very anxious for the service; but a change was made in the plans, and Lieutenant Anderson was sent in his place, who, with poor Agnew, was barbarously murdered by the Mooltan troops. Remaining in Lahore, Hodson undertook to remodel the dress and arming of the Guide Corps. In this work he appears to have been assisted by his brother, the present editor, who first sent out to India the well-known drab helmets afterwards worn by the corps. After the annexation of the Punjab, Lieutenant Hodson suffered a descent from his previous high position, as the return of peace brought back the rules of seniority. From being "Minister of a province" (which position he had virtually occupied) he "dropped into a drill-sergeant," and for some time spent his days in teaching the goose-step to recruits for the Guides. In 1850 he made a tour in Cashmere and Thibet with Sir Henry Lawrence. Of the mountains and the Llama monasteries his letters give some interesting pictures. In 1851 he was promoted in the Civil Service to one of the higher grades of the Assistant Commissioners in the Cis-Sutlej Provinces. In 1852 he was married at Calcutta to the widow of Mr. John Mitford, of Exbury, Hants. In the same year, the command of the Guides becoming vacant, Hodson was appointed to the vacancy, and returned with enthusiasm to his military duties. Within twenty-four hours he marched on service to the left bank of the Indus, and in a frontier campaign of seven weeks experienced some very hard fighting. Up to the year 1854 his career continued one of uninterrupted prosperity. He described himself as the most fortunate and the happiest man in India. But now, as if to give shadow to what would else have been a monotony of brightness, a time of trial fell upon him. Connected with the removal of Sir Henry Lawrence from the government of the Punjab, a series of charges arose against Hodson, his friend and protégé. The precise nature of the charges is not stated, but the only thing that appears to have given them any colour was a certain confusion and irregularity in Hodson's regimental accounts. This is attributed to his predecessor in the command, with whom Hodson was unable to have any audit, owing to the active service on which he was immediately engaged. Into this old grievance it is now useless to enter, since universal opinion has made reparation to Hodson's character. But there is no doubt that in being deprived of his command of the Guides he was hardly used. He bitterly felt the cloud that had come over him. While collecting decisive evidence of his own integrity, and receiving abundant private testimony to the same effect, he was unable for a year and a half to obtain a public verdict in his favour. He was still under disgrace, although unmerited, when the outbreak at Meerut thrilled with a great shock through India. Calumnies and grudges were forgotten, the time for deeds instead of words was come, no man of Hodson's merit could be spared. Within six weeks after announcing his intention of going with an appeal to Calcutta, he found himself under the walls of Delhi, commanding, by General Barnard's special request, the very corps of Guides from the command of which he had before been unjustly ousted.

At the siege of Delhi begins the great act in the drama of Hodson's life. Day by day in letters to his wife he records the progress of events. Of himself he tells that he has been ordered to form the troop afterwards so well known as Hodson's Horse. He speaks of perpetually recurring conflicts with the



Pandies, sallying out from what the camp wits called Pandymonium. Of the siege operations he speaks disapprovingly, as he thought that the place might have been carried far sooner by a *coup-de-main*. This is the old story of Sebastopol over again, and of course no one can now decide whether those who cautiously waited and succeeded in the end, or those who *would have* done the business at once, were in the right. Hodson complained bitterly that the generals were too old. He allowed them to possess personal gallantry, but said they had not great enough hearts to encounter that most formidable of all things, responsibility. When Delhi had fallen, Hodson performed his most extraordinary and crowning feats of daring in effecting the captures first of the King and afterwards of the Princes. For the full particulars of these two exploits, we must refer our reader to the graphic accounts in the book before us. To us they appear as the very majesty of courage. Nothing gives a more striking idea of the moral power of a brave man than a deed like that of Hodson's, who—accompanied only by his second in command, the late gallant Lieutenant Macdowell, and one hundred native horsemen recently disciplined by himself—through his mere presence compelled the unconditional surrender of the Princes in the sacred tomb of Humayoon, though surrounded by three thousand armed fanatics, and six miles distant from any British force. The conception of the deed, as well as its execution, was entirely due to Hodson himself, who received the barest permission to act from General Wilson, and no official recognition when the thing had been done. Hodson saw more keenly than his superiors the vast importance of securing, in the person of the King, one who, though a mere puppet, was yet the centre and rallying-point of rebellion. Of other dashing and successful actions we have no space to make mention. After living through the dangers of so many fights, Hodson was slain by a chance shot from a lurking Sepoy, when entering Lucknow with Lord Clyde. He died like a brave and good man, on the 12th of March, 1858. The memoir of this brilliant soldier, independently of the great interest that must attach to it, has its own moral, which need not be in didactic form enunciated—the moral, namely, which attaches to fine qualities and acts, whether exhibited before us or described in narration.

## MR. TUPPER'S STEPHAN LANGTON.\*

IT is a graceful act in Mr. Tupper to present himself before the public in the form in which we now find him, and the more so because it is likely to affect seriously the position he has won for himself as a sage and oracular moralist. We have the authority of the showman in the *Old Curiosity Shop* for the fact, that the gratuitous exhibition of used-up giants is highly injurious to the trade in that article. We have heard of a person whose republican opinions dated from a certain public dinner at which he saw a duke sit down in a plain black coat, and eat mutton just like an ordinary mortal. Numberless instances might be adduced to show the danger of rudely dispelling illusions, even when they are of a purely personal character, and arise from some temporary obfuscation of the senses. How much greater is the risk therefore, when the feelings imperilled are those of reverence and awe, instead of mere vulgar wonderment! After the opinion we have expressed in a former number of the *Saturday Review* relative to the moral tendency of Mr. Tupper's works, we cannot of course affect any great depression of spirits at the prospect of his reputation sharing the fate of the black giant, who, according to Mr. Vuffin, the showman above mentioned, came out of his caravan, made himself common by carrying coachbills, ruined the trade, and died mysteriously. But the consideration of such a destiny hanging over him makes us proceed to our present task in a softer and gentler mood than that in which it was our painful duty to comment upon his last work. Would the reader, if, on a visit to Cremorne, he observed the Hermit of that establishment come forth from his grotto and join the mazy dance on the Hyperborean platform—or whatever it may be called—would he, we ask, criticise the evolutions of that inexpensive soothsayer with his usual acumen? Would he stigmatize his *schottische* as inelegant, or charge his *deux temps* with being of no time in particular? We hope not. Gratitude for the opportunity afforded him of examining closely a live hermit in the costume of the period—wonder, perhaps, at seeing him without wand or crystal among the unthinking herd, and comporting himself very much as if he belonged to it—possibly a touch of pity for the poor fellow who was thus trifling with his sacred character and injuring his prospects by divesting himself of his mystery, as well as for those simple people who might be even now waiting outside the solemn cell, penny in hand, for the hermit hoar to smite his bosom and tell of that dark man who was looming in the future—these, we hope, would seal the lip and check the rising sneer. We are influenced by similar feelings with regard to Mr. Tupper. In descending from his tripod, which we now learn is placed somewhere among the Surrey hills, in delivering himself of a very ordinary two-volume novel, and disposing of the same to a worldly and carnal publishing firm, he has in effect done what the Cremorne seer would do if he acted in the manner above described. We see him no longer as the inspired moral lyrist, no longer as the mystic philosopher pumping up proverbs replete with cheap wisdom, but

as a mere mortal of like affections and passions with the rest of us; and while he is thus flaunting it in the somewhat commonplace garb of a lending-library novelist, the babes of Clapham are crying aloud for the milk-and-water of his aphorisms.

These considerations alone would prevent us from applying the canons of criticism with severity to the work before us. Besides, we must recollect the disadvantages under which its author makes his appearance before us. A life spent in secluded and serene meditation on virtue is not the best preparative for the glare and bustle of this work-a-day world. When the sapient owl ventures forth into the daylight, his sight may be deficient in vigour and elegance, but he is none the less the bird of Minerva. Not that Mr. Tupper's work can be charged with any great solecism either in matter or manner. On the whole, he has done it very well, and has produced a romance so like the regular ephemeral novel that you can scarcely tell it from the real thing. Even the stereotyped contrivances and tricks of construction he has caught up most felicitously. He opens with an essay on the virtues of historical romance in general, and of the subject he has selected in particular, in the course of which he blesses "the eyes that can see down the vista of past ages, and people every spot with its interests and incidents"—apparently suggesting a threat of the reverse treatment for such eyes as may not be inclined to take the same view as his own optics. He then goes off with a rattling melodramatic adventure containing a minion, a maiden, and a defender of virtue and innocence, together with a good deal about "Gadsteeth" and quarter-staves, quite in the regular way. After this, he subsides into a soberer pace, and gives us a quiet retrospective chapter—a plan much affected by novelists, and reminding one of the old coaching days, when, after a frantic start from the inn-door, and a furious gallop up the first hill, chains rattling, splinter-bars swinging, coach rocking from side to side, the team settled down to a steady trot at the top, and the passengers adjusted their wraps, lit their cigars, and made all snug for the journey. The only really startling novelty which he introduces—for in this age of novels-with-a-principle, the strong Protestantism pervading the book cannot be called a new feature—is the appearance of a first and second hero and heroine, an idea, no doubt, suggested by some of our modern pantomimes, in which there is a double series of clown, pantaloons, and harlequin. But in order to save expense and trouble, the same set of incidents is ingeniously made to serve for both, which Mr. Tupper defends on philosophical principles. "People of the same mould of body have oftentimes the same mould of mind, the same tastes, feelings, principles; and circumstance is swayed and fashioned much by these to every one of us."

Having in the course of his reading met with some mention of the services to religion and liberty rendered by one Stephen Langton, or, as he insists it should be, Stephan Langton—adding, dear erudite man, "Stephanos is the Greek for crown and for the first-crowned martyr, neither durst any dialectician have ever written it Stephenos"—Mr. Tupper conceived the design of making his life the basis of a solid moral romance. The latter portion of his hero's career is so well known that the author had not much scope for exercising his imagination, but the almost total obscurity which hangs over Langton's early life afforded a tempting field for the inventive faculty. The great difficulty was how to introduce love into the story of an ecclesiastic in a seemly manner, for, philosopher and austere moralist as he is, Mr. Tupper knew he might as well think to make an orthodox plum-pudding without suet and raisins as to construct a romance without that all-important ingredient. This, we must say, he has managed with much propriety and decorum. He shows how Stephan Langton and his cousin, the fair Alice, were attached to one another from childhood, and mutually disposed towards matrimony, whereby we should have lost the Magna Charta and the work before us. But fortunately Prince, afterwards King, John meeting the pair as he is returning from hunting, is guilty of the rudeness of breaking the gentleman's head and carrying off the lady. When Stephan recovers, he proceeds to the hunting-lodge occupied by the Prince, by stratagem gains admission to the banquet-hall where his Royal Highness and his vile accomplices are carousing, sets fire to the establishment and rescues the maiden. What with fright, burns, and two carryings off, Alice is, as may be imagined, in that condition which is known in female pathology as "a state;" and Stephan, believing her to be dead, deposits her before the altar of a neighbouring chapel, and incontinently takes vows of celibacy at the nearest monastery. Alice, of course, comes to herself shortly after his departure, and subsequently discovering what her lover has done, takes the veil. The lovers being thus, from a worldly point of view, totally separated, devote themselves respectively to religious lives—the lady becoming in time an abbess, and Stephan a propagator of liberal opinions. The behaviour of the Prince has opened his eyes to the necessity of checking the power of the Crown, to which end he exerts himself so strenuously that he becomes obnoxious to the Government, and is compelled to fly the country. In this he receives valuable assistance from Robin Hood, to whom Mr. Tupper formally introduces us, but not—such is our author's laudable determination to countenance nothing but unimpeachable respectability—until he has made an honest woman of Maid Marian, Friar Tuck having been the officiating clergyman. We also make the acquaintance of Langton's brother, afterwards the

\* *Stephan Langton*. By Martin F. Tupper, Author of &c. &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Archbishop of York, and learn that he too has suffered from an affair of the heart which closely coincides with that of Stephan. He also rashly takes orders, believing that his love is dead, and, as before, the loved one recovers a moment too late, and in despair becomes religious. But, what is still more remarkable, this heroine number two so strongly resembles heroine number one that Stephan almost mistakes her for his long-lost Alice. She subsequently, however, proves to be of a somewhat coarser material, being to Alice as the confidante in white linen is to Tilburina in white satin.

For the remainder of Mr. Tupper's plot we must refer our readers to *Pinnock's Goldsmith* and *Mangnall's Questions*. Indeed, had the work been by any other author, it is more than probable we would not have thought it necessary to dwell upon it at this length, or perhaps to call attention to it at all. In some cases a thing intrinsically commonplace derives a strange interest from being traceable to an extraordinary origin; and a specimen of the common historical novel coming from such a source as the pen of a Tupper will naturally be regarded with that curiosity akin to awe with which we would examine a quatern-loaf that had been thrown up by Mount Vesuvius. It is true there may be some deep and terrible meaning underlying the romance before us. It may be, for aught we know, an allegory of the extremest subtlety. But we must speak of a book as we find it; and we find this one to be uncommonly like the regular trade article published at a guinea and a-half, and quoted afterwards in Mr. Mudie's list of surplus copies at the moderate figure of two-and-sixpence per volume. Strict criticism might perhaps object that it is a little heavy, and in some places tedious, or that it does not comply with the time-honoured condition of being in three volumes. But these are not faults to be charged against a young writer, as we must consider Mr. Tupper to be, in this line. We prefer to receive him in his new vocation with a welcome, and to express a hope that he will henceforth devote himself entirely to it. By so doing he will render a service to the cause of common sense, and relieve us from the responsibility of watching for his attacks against that virtue; and from what we know of his peculiar genius and productive powers, we see no reason why, though he may not rival the fecundity of G. P. R. James, he should not attain at least to respectability in the same department of literature with that joy of rural book-societies. On the whole, therefore, we feel inclined to receive *Stephan Langton* with a "Welcome, little stranger;" and if the publishers in their next advertisement will but insert these simple words, with "*Saturday Review*" appended, between the fuller but not more favourable notices of the *Record* and *Morning Herald*, one of the highest objects of our ambition will have been realized.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the "*SATURDAY REVIEW*" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**  
FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER.  
Monday, HAMLET; Tuesday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; Wednesday and Saturday, THE CORSIKAN BROTHERS; Thursday, MACBETH; Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; and the PANTOMIME every evening.

**BARNUM AGAIN.**—ST. JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY, JAN. 20th.  
—FOURTH TIME.—Hundreds of persons having been unable to procure places for his Entertainment on Friday last, Mr. P. T. BARNUM is constrained to announce for the Fourth Time his Address upon the "ART OF MAKING MONEY," and an original definition of "HUMBUG," with Anecdotes, Experiences, Pictorial Illustrations. To prevent disappointment in obtaining places (which may be secured without extra charge), the public are respectfully advised to secure their tickets in advance.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**  
"We are bound to admit Mr. Barnum is one of the most entertaining lecturers that ever addressed an audience on a theme universally intelligible."—*Times*, December 30th.  
"Mr. Barnum's lecture contains much sound sense and true philosophy. It glides smoothly to its end, imparting as it goes much that is pleasurable, and much that is profitable."—*Press*, January 8th.

Similar encomiums have appeared in all the daily, and most of the weekly papers. Three Thousand One Hundred and Eleven Persons were present at Mr. Barnum's Address on the 6th January, a large portion of whom were ladies.  
Open at Seven, commence at Eight. Carriages for a Quarter to Ten.  
Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Body of Hall and Gallery, 1s.  
Tickets at Mitchell's, Chappell's, Cramer and Beale's; Jullien's; Keith's, 48, Cheapside; and at the Hall.

**AUTHORS OF THE AGE.**—WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING-STREET.—MR. S. C. HALL, F.S.A., will have the honour of presenting a Series of WRITTEN PORTRAITS (from personal acquaintance) of the AUTHORS OF THE AGE—"GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH," to be compared in Two Lectures, the First of which will be given on FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26th; the Second on FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4th, commencing punctually at Eight o'clock.

The First Series, on FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26th, will relate to—Hannah More; Sir Walter Scott; Samuel Rogers; Lisle Bowles; George Crabbe; James Montgomery; Ebenezer Elliott; Thomas Moore; Letitia E. Landon (L.E.L.); Amelia Opie; Charles Lamb; Sydney Smith; Wordsworth; Coleridge; Southey; and others.  
The Second Series, on FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4th, will relate to—Professor Wilson; Lady Blessington; Mary Russell Mitford; Horace and James Smith; Jane and A. M. Porter; Allan Cunningham; James Hogg; Maria Edgeworth; John Banim; Felicia Hemans; Barbara Hofland; Thomas Campbell; Theodore Hook; Thos. Hood; and others.

Reserved and numbered seats for the Two Lectures, 6s.; Unreserved seats for ditto, 3s.; which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 93, Old Bond-street.

#### THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM,

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, W.

On Wednesday next, at 8 P.M. precisely, Mr. F. P. COCKERELL will lecture "On the Painting of the Ancients."

Art-workmen may obtain Cards *gratis* of the Attendant in the Gallery of the Architectural Museum; at the Office of the "Builder" and "Building News;" or by letter to the Hon. Sec., at 13, Stratford-place, W.

GEO. GILBERT SCOTT, A.R.A., Treasurer.  
JOSEPH CLARKE, F.S.A., Hon. Sec.

#### SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

LECTURES ON THE FINE ARTS AND ART COLLECTIONS.

A Series of Six Lectures on the Fine Arts and Art Collections will be delivered, in the Theatre, on Monday Evenings, being the 24th and 31st of January; 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th of February, 1859, at Eight o'clock.

I. 24th January.—"On Hindoo Art, as illustrated by the History, Drawings, Buildings, and Sculpture of the Hindoos." By Dr. G. KINKEL, formerly Professor of the History of Art and Modern Civilization in the University of Bonn.

II. 31st January.—"On Mohammedan Art, illustrating the Influence of Byzantine Art on the Schools of the East; the Development of the Arts of the Mohammedans in Egypt, Spain, and India, as seen in the Mosques and other Buildings and Decorations." By Dr. G. KINKEL.

III. 7th February.—"On Sculpture in Relief (Relievo); its Character and Application to Architectural Decoration." By RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A.

IV., V., VI. Three Lectures on Ceramic Art, illustrated by Specimens in the Museum of Art. By J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A., Keeper of Art Collections, South Kensington Museum.

14th February.—"On Ancient Greek Painted Pottery."

21st February.—"On the Italian Majolica Wares."

28th February.—"On Porcelain Wares in General."

The Lecture Theatre will hold 450 persons. 250 seats will be reserved exclusively for Schoolmasters, Schoolmistresses, and Persons engaged in Art-Teaching, who, upon registering their names, will obtain Tickets at 6d. each for the whole Course of Six Lectures. Tickets for the remaining 200 seats will be issued at 3s. each for the Course, or 6d. each Lecture, when they may happen to be room in the Theatre.

Tickets may be obtained at the Museum and Offices; and at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, 193, Piccadilly.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

#### MR. JOHN BENNETT ON THE WATCH.

Mr. JOHN BENNETT, F.R.A.S., Member of the National Academy of Paris, will lecture on the Watch, what to make and how to make it—

Jan. 17, Horsham.	Jan. 25, Ipswich.	Feb. 8, Ball's Pond.
" 18, Dorking.	" 27, Bristol.	" 15, Wolverton.
" 24, Stowmarket.	Feb. 1, Slough.	" 17, Agar Town.

The Lecture will be illustrated by a great variety of models and diagrams, and specimens of clocks and watches. Syllabuses can be had at the Watch Manufactory, 65, Cheapside.

**EDUCATION.**—In an OLD-ESTABLISHED SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, situated within five miles south of London, there are a FEW VACANCIES. The Principals are assisted by a resident French Governess and Professors of eminence. Inclusive terms, Sixty and Eighty Guineas per Annum, according to the age of Pupils and the accomplishments required.—Address, Mrs. and Miss CASSELL, the Cedars, Clapham, S.

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